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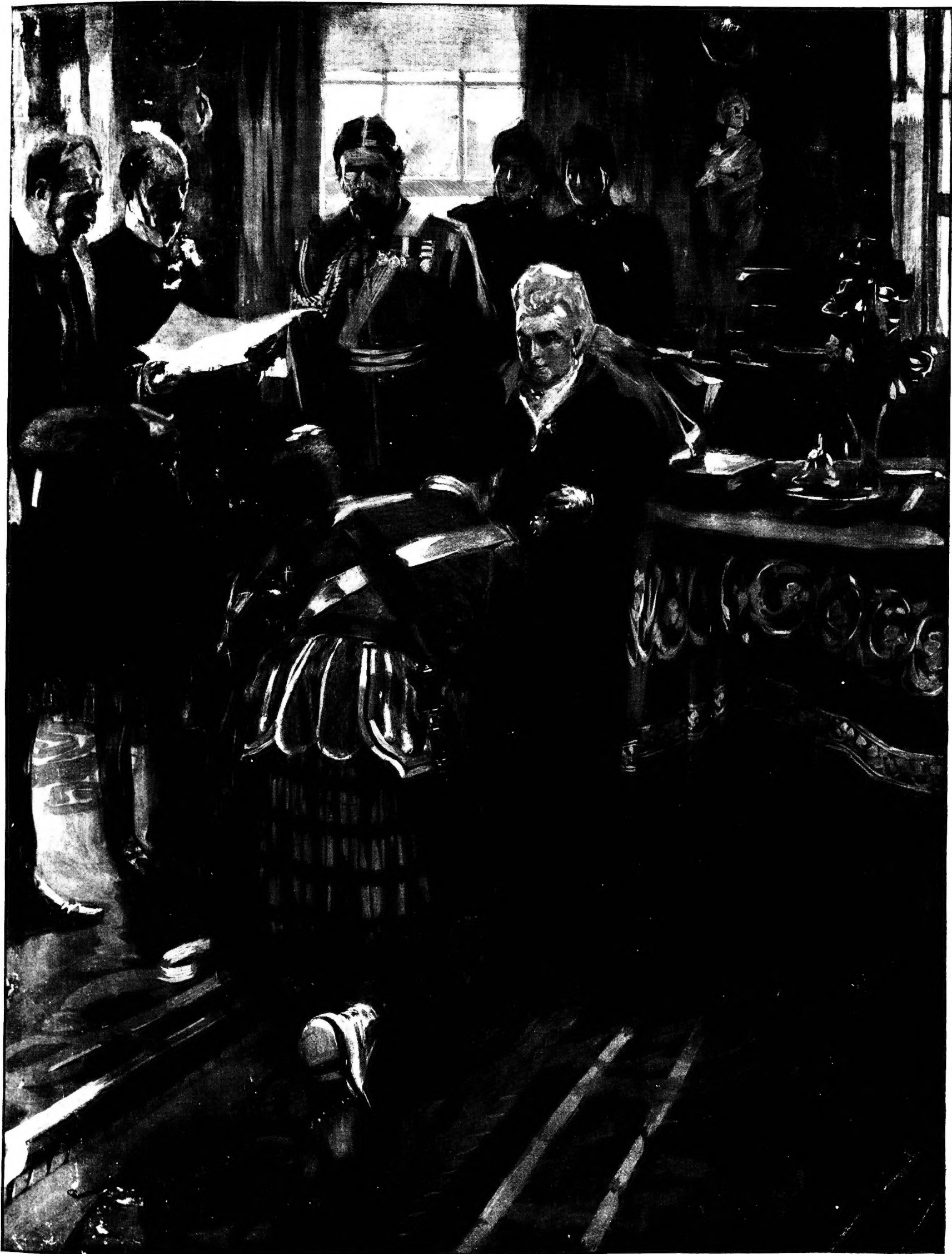
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1900

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Last week Sergeant-Major (now Quartermaster and Honorary Lieutenant) William Robertson, of the Gordon Highlanders, attended at Osborne, and was presented by the Queen with the Victoria Cross. At the battle of Elands Laagte, on October 21, 1899, during the final advance on the enemy's position, this warrant officer led each successive rush, exposing himself fearlessly to the enemy's artillery

and rifle fire to encourage the men. After the main position had been captured, he led a small party to seize the Boer camp. Though exposed to a deadly cross fire from the enemy's rifles, he gallantly held on to the position captured, and continued to encourage the men until he was dangerously wounded in two places.

"FOR VALOUR": THE QUEEN DECORATING HON. LIEUTENANT ROBERTSON WITH THE V.C.

DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

Topics of the Week

The Powers and China

THANKS to his lucky absence from Peking, Li Hung Chang finds himself in a position to play the part which Dr. Leyds unsuccessfully essayed in Europe—that of Plenipotentiary to the Powers at large. It is a tribute to Li's strength of character that, in spite of his very equivocal antecedents, so many foreign diplomatists readily accept him in that rôle. He has the advantage, it is true, of being known personally to many of them, and in their world "the one-eye'd man" is always "king." But clever and unscrupulous as this veteran is it will take all his smartness to unravel the tangled threads of the situation. More and more evident does it become that two groups of Powers are in direct antagonism on cardinal principles of policy. While some repudiate the "grabbing" game for themselves, they are in touch with others who make little secret of their annexationist designs. Then, there is the crucial question of the indemnity to be paid by China after the new order of things comes into existence. The Imperial Customs revenues being already hypothecated in full, and the Government having no other security to offer, the European Bourses are not in the least likely to accommodate the "sick man" with a big loan. But if payment of the indemnity in cash be impossible some of the Powers are pretty certain to extort territorial concessions in lieu. In the meanwhile, Russia is carving out slices of Chinese territory in Manchuria and Mongolia which she will scarcely give up, let the other Powers be ever so angry. All this bodes clearly for partition, in more or less modified form, and if Li Hung Chang staves off that catastrophe he will deserve the gratitude both of his own countrymen and of the "outer barbarians." Possibly, however, he may aim at a wholly different solution; he might not object to dismemberment of the moribund Empire if that operation placed him on the throne under Russian protection and with Cossack support. The whole position of affairs is, indeed, so inscrutable that the perplexed Briton turns with a sense of relief to Admiral Seymour's warm eulogium on the gallant conduct of the French troops and sailors. Here, at all events, is a platform on which the two great Western nations can shake hands heartily; each admires bravery, whether displayed by friend or foe, because it is the quality on whose possession both rightly pride themselves. But it was, perhaps, a little maladroit on the part of Admiral Seymour to recall "the pleasure of our alliance during the Crimean Campaign," when England and France fought and crushed the latter's present "friend in the North."

Winding Up the War

A FRESH and, it is to be hoped, the final stage of the South African Campaign has just been entered upon. Having safeguarded his long lines of communication, and secured a sufficiency of supplies and transport for a forward movement, Lord Roberts, effectively aided by Sir Buller, is pressing to the eastwards along the Delagoa Bay Railway, while a detached force, under Ian Hamilton and Baden-Powell, has marched northwards, apparently to turn the Boer position at Lydenburg should Botha fall back upon the mountains. But his commando would have diminished in strength so continuously that it could hardly be considered an efficient fighting force except for guerilla warfare, while the loss of the railway to Komati Poort would coop up his attenuated forces in a region where they would have to depend entirely on their own resources for campaigning requisites. To all appearance, therefore, Lord Roberts has at last arrived within measurable distance of the end he has so long and so patiently pursued. It was supremely necessary, all the same, to make an example of that clumsy conspirator, Cordua; the villainy in which he implicated himself doubtless caught public attention to an exceptional extent by reason of its amazing audacity, but there are a good many other Boers who would richly merit the same fate. It is all very fine for some of the Paris papers to simulate hysterics of indignation over the execution of Cordua, but we make very sure that neither France nor any other European country would have shown itself a bit more merciful under the same circumstances. The Germans, for instance, shot *franc-tireurs* without trial whenever caught, while Napoleon the Great never behaved tenderly to Prussian peasants suspected of treachery.

American Coal

THE distinguished demagogue who lately professed to regard foreign competition as "all my eye and Betty Martin" must have experienced an unpleasant quarter of an hour when he read the reported arrival of some cargoes of American coal for British use. This is, we believe, the first time of such importations into this country; during the last coal famine some supplies came from the Continent, but it never entered the minds of English manufacturers to look to the New World to redress the balance of the Old in the matter of fuel. Nor could it have been done at that time, without ruinous loss to the shippers; both railway charges in the States and ocean freight rates were much higher, while the American coalfields were still a long distance from their present advanced stage of development. Even

now, it remains to be shown whether the trade can be profitably carried on at current prices in the home market. Those engaged in the initial venture have satisfied themselves, it is said, on that point, but demonstration by arithmetic is not the same thing as demonstration by accomplishment. All the same, it would be well for our pit-owners and pitmen to remember that Brother Jonathan is not easily dislodged when once he gains a footing. It used to be affirmed that American and Canadian cereals grown far away from the Atlantic littoral could never be profitably exported to Europe unless prices rose largely. But that assumption went the way of the wind when, in spite of a continuous decline in market values on this side of "the ditch," North American wheat and corn invaded the European market in ever-increasing quantities. It is quite possible, therefore, that Yankee black diamonds have come to stay.

Give Him a Chance

LORD WALSHINGHAM'S appeal to the peoples of East Anglia to help him in his attempt to re-establish the Great Bustard in the home of his ancestors should be duly responded to by all lovers of nature, as well as by all sportsmen who know how to distinguish between real sport and simple slaughter for slaughter's sake. "It is a fine day; let us go out and kill something," is the traditional observation of the typical Englishman, and there is no denying that we are too apt to justify the charge that no sooner does a rare bird or beast appear among us than we shoot it down as if it were mere vermin. If our so-called sportsmen will only deny themselves that purely selfish and utterly wanton satisfaction there is no conceivable reason why the Great Bustard should not once more be as common in the Norfolk fens as he was in days gone by. But we must give the bird a chance. We must treat him a little more kindly than some of our kind have treated the storks which a gentleman had naturalised in Berkshire, three of which have fallen before the guns of "sportsmen." We heartily wish Lord Walsingham better luck with the Great Bustard.

Inland versus Seaside

"A WIFE and a Mother (of Six)" praises the country life in the columns of the *Daily Graphic*. This lady and her family have had the good sense, when choosing a holiday resort, to eschew the attraction of glaring sands, blatant bands, nigger minstrels, the Salvation Army, and the discomforts of seaside lodgings, and have taken a cottage in what she describes as one of the deserted villages of the Midlands. There Paterfamilias engages in harvest work, and earns good money thereat, the girls glean, the boys go rat-hunting, and the baby is "minded" for the modest sum of tenpence a week and a glass of milk a day paid to a small girl. As to the tired wife and mother she just rests, which is precisely what tired wives and mothers would like, and, ninety-nine times out of a hundred are unable to do. Really, when one comes to think of it, the infinite facilities for getting to and from the seaside which the present generation enjoys are by no means an unmixed blessing. Were it not for the artificial attractions of the seaside more families would set their faces inland in search of rest and recreation. As it is, folk go to the only resort they know of, and return, in many instances, more faded and fagged than they went. There is much yet to be learned about the art of taking a summer holiday, as well as about the inexhaustible beauties of that rural England of which the vast majority of Englishmen know little or nothing.

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The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

THE Twopenny Tube is doing its best to explode many of the nonsensical conventionalities of old-fashioned railway companies, which the latter continue to stick to with most obstinate pertinacity. One of the T. T.'s most sensible reforms is in the matter of tickets. You may buy a book of tickets and use them when you please. Many years ago I wrote an article on "Tickets" in *The Graphic*, and this was one of the reforms I pleaded for: possibly if I wait long enough, I shall find all my suggestions carried out. I have recently had many communications with regard to the double-journey tickets for which I have always been a strenuous advocate. At this time of year the termination of the privileges of a tourist ticket at the end of a month is an especial hardship. Often the possessor of such a ticket wishes to stay a few days or a week beyond the month, but if he does so he has to pay at a higher rate for his journey. This is all so silly because it is not based on sound commercial principles. If a railway company can afford to sell you a double-journey ticket for a month at a reduced rate, they could afford to sell you one for half a year at even less. Indeed the longer you are in using either portion of the ticket the better it is for the company. Because while the ticket is unused they have your money, for which they do not pay any interest, and do not part with any equivalent for your outlay. I have said something like this before, but I cannot say it too often, especially when I receive countless complaints concerning this most reasonable and legitimate grievance.

Reports of societies or of companies do not, as a general rule, form a particularly attractive kind of reading. A notable exception must, however, be made to that of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings which has recently been issued. In this we are enabled to see what a watchful eye is kept on all our remaining antiquities, and how the various malpractices of the restorer are endeavoured to be circumvented. John Ruskin's dictum on this point is quoted in the report alluded to. He says, "Do not let us talk then of restoration; the thing is a lie from beginning to end." This wholesome and outspoken sentiment would appear to a certain extent to govern the action of the society, which, with its energetic secretary, Mr. Thackeray Turner, accomplishes such excellent work in a quiet fashion throughout the year. It is a distinct evidence of the usefulness and energy of the society when we find over one hundred and eighty ancient buildings have claimed its attention during the last year, and in many cases it has been instrumental in the preservation of antiquities from demolition or desecration.

Those who, like myself, are interested in the City, and who have a love for its quaint corners and old-world aspect—now, alas! fast passing away—will heartily welcome a series of illustrations that are now appearing in the *City Press*, entitled "The Old City." They are full of interest, and will become a valuable record when the whole City is transformed and reduced to one dull level of uninteresting well-built respectability. I could only wish that the accompanying letterpress was longer and more diffuse, for there is so much to be said concerning the quaint corners depicted, and there are so many associations of the old time and the modern connected therewith. I also regret that the series was not commenced twenty years ago, for the City has strangely altered since 1880. If not too late, I trust the designer of these pictures will give us Jeffrey Square—where Cheeryble Brothers had their place of business—and the dignified corner still remaining of Devonshire Square.

A bald butcher's boy was at one time as great a rarity as a dead donkey, a tortoiseshell tom cat or a Queen Anne's farthing. Possibly the butcher's boy, like everything else in the present day, is deteriorating, but the other morning I chanced to see one who was getting decidedly thin on the top. It strikes me that the butcher's boy of to-day is a very different being to the one of my youth. Then he was a dashing and vigorous person, he never wore a hat, he was thickly thatched, his black locks shone like a raven's wing, which lustre was said to be derived from vigorous and constant application of suet. He drove a smart cart with a neat little cob, and he went along at a tremendous pace. If he occasionally ran over people it was pardoned on account of the enthusiasm he displayed for his calling. There was assuredly an air of romance about the devil-may-care dash of our joint provider of long ago that certainly gave him a popularity below stairs that neither the baker nor the policeman achieved. I am afraid his successor has very little dash about him. The butcher's boy of to-day strikes me as being a somewhat serious and thoughtful person, with, possibly, pronounced political views; he takes his joints round deliberately in a covered tricycle, and he wears a cap. No wonder he is getting thin on the top.

The Matinée Hat is, I regret to find, not yet extinct. I went to see the *Pirates of Penzance* the other day, and I was glad to find a few ladies dispensed with their hats altogether, but there was one head-dress immediately in front of me that was of the most alarming description. Possibly it was a well-designed and elegant hat, but as it cut sharp against the brilliancy of the stage it reminded me more of an unboiled lobster than anything else. It seemed to be for the most part black, and it had all kinds of strange spikes and long antennæ like a lobster's feelers that danced and quivered in most aggravating fashion. When its wearer nodded her head to the tune, and her time was not always scrupulously correct, it became well-nigh exasperating. I know my view of the "Police-man's Chorus" was well-nigh obscured altogether, and I only caught a sight of Mr. Passmore now and then. When occasionally I caught a glimpse of him that glimpse was spoiled by the advent of the aforesaid trembling antennæ, which altogether ruined his facial expression. If the Matinée Hat nuisance cannot be put down the most satisfactory and cheapest plan will be not to go to the theatre in the morning at all, but to listen to all that is going on through the gramophone.

The Court

THE QUEEN was to leave Osborne for Balmoral on Friday evening. Her Majesty was expected to land at Gosport at about a quarter to eight, and is due to arrive at Ballater at two o'clock this afternoon (Saturday). It is expected that Her Majesty will remain in Scotland for six or seven weeks. Although the stay is to be quiet, even the annual games at Braemar being foregone, still visits are expected from many of the Queen's children and grandchildren. The young Crown Prince of Germany is to spend a short time at Balmoral, and is looking forward to some deer-stalking on Deeside. Among other guests expected are the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Hesse, Prince and Princess Francis Joseph of Battenberg and Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg.

Last week the Queen received a visit from the Empress Eugénie, who has been spending a week or two on her yacht *Thistle*, off Cowes. The same afternoon there was one of those little ceremonies which are so highly prized by those on whose account they are held. To win the Victoria Cross is every soldier's ambition, but it is not given to every winner of that high distinction to have the coveted honours personally presented by the Queen. This double honours was last week bestowed upon Lieutenant William Robertson and Captain Conwyn Mansel Jones. A pretty picture was afforded by the scene of the venerable Sovereign personally decorating her brave soldiers, and one calculated to strengthen the devotion and affection of the Army to the Queen.

Her Majesty afterwards conferred the Distinguished Service Order upon Captain and Brevet-Major Herbert Henry Austin, R.E., for services rendered in the British East Africa Protectorate in 1897-8.

The Queen's kindly thought for her wounded soldiers invalided home from South Africa was again exemplified last week, when, by her order, the inmates of the Convalescent Home for Soldiers at East Cowes, accompanied by Miss Parry, the matron, visited Osborne and were entertained to tea.

The Prince of Wales is deriving much benefit from his stay at Homburg. He is said to be one of the latest recruits to the ranks of believers in the automotor car. He is so pleased with his motor phonon that he has ordered two more motor-cars, one a wagonette to seat eight and the other a sporting car to seat fourteen, intended for gun-loaders and others at shooting parties. The Princess of Wales, with Princess Victoria of Wales, is staying with her father, the King of Denmark, at Fredensborg Castle, near Elsinore, where the family party includes, or will include in a day or two, the Crown Prince and Princess and other members of the Danish House, the Dowager-Empress of Russia, the Tsarevitch, the Grand Duchess Olga, the Grand Duke Michael, the King of the Hellenes, the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, and Prince and Princess Maximilian of Bavaria.

The season at Homburg has been exceptionally good this year. Besides the Prince of Wales, the visitors have included the German Emperor and the Crown Prince and the Duke of Cambridge. The Duke has completed his cure and is paying a few visits in Germany before returning to England.

The Duke of York, who was last week the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Sassoon at Tulchan Lodge, Elginshire, left on Saturday for Mar Lodge on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Fife. There he will be joined shortly by the Duchess of York, who has been the guest of Lord and Lady Barnard at Raby Castle. While there Her Royal Highness paid visits to Durham and to Middleton-in-Teesdale to see the celebrated waterfall. On the latter occasion she lunched at Holwick Hall with Mr. and Mrs. L. V. Harcourt. Her Royal Highness left Raby Castle on Monday for Penrith on a visit to Eden Hall, the seat of Sir Richard Musgrave.

The Hereditary Prince of Hohenlöh-Langenburg, who is now Prince Regent of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, has paid a visit to the German Emperor at Schloss Wilhelmshöhe, near Cassel, in order to deliver up Duke Alfred's insignia of the Black Eagle and his other Prussian orders. It is expected that the Queen will confer the order of the Garter upon the Hereditary Prince of Hohenlöh-Langenburg, and that he will receive Duke Alfred's insignia.

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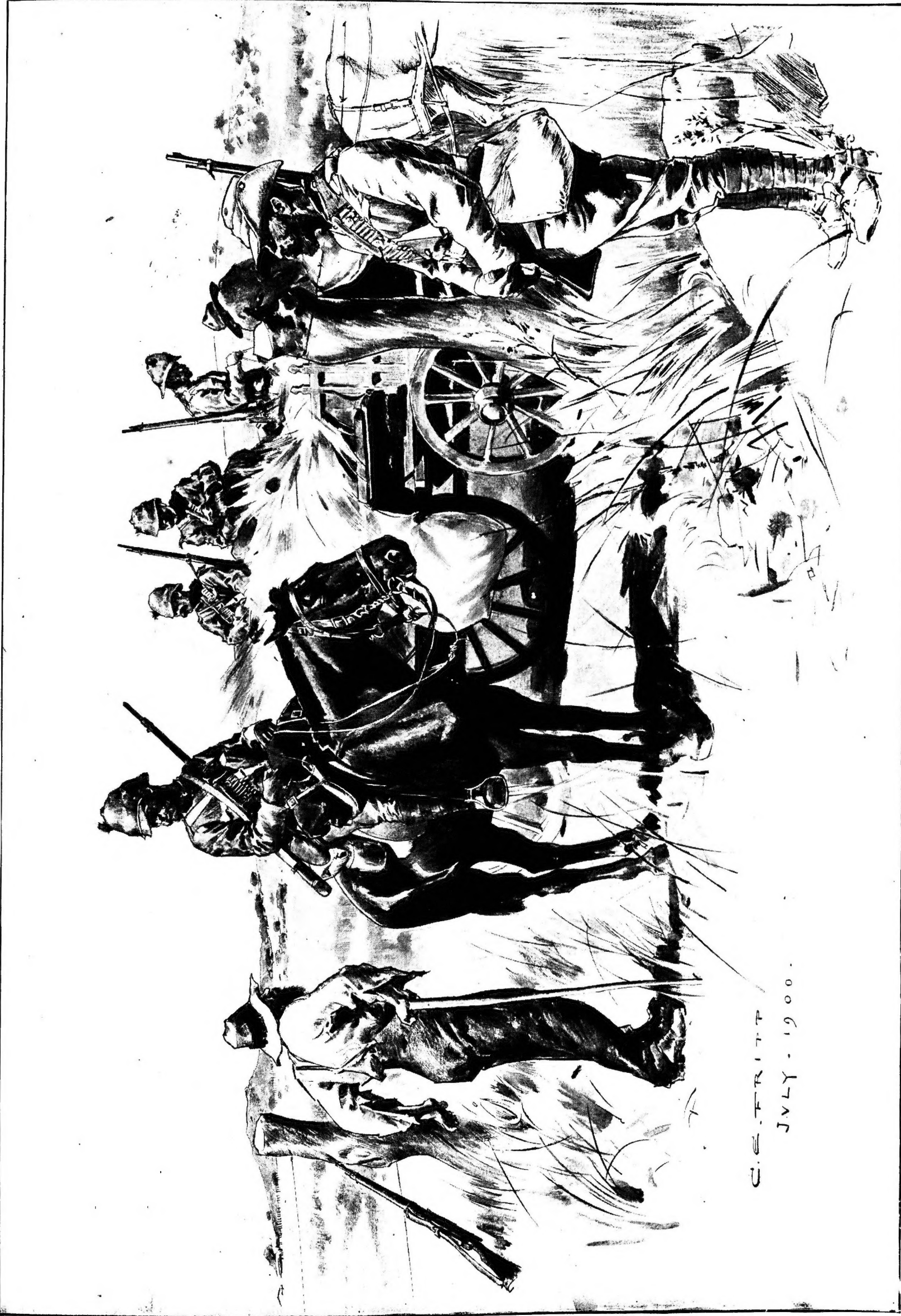
DRAWN BY REGINALD CLEAVER

FROM A SKETCH BY A NAVAL OFFICER

On June 21, "Boxer" troubles being feared, H.M.S. *Alacrity* was despatched from Wei-hai-Wei to Shih-tao, a small coast town on the south-east of the Shan-tung promontory, to convey from there a missionary and his family who were thought to be in danger. A marine guard was taken on board in case of trouble, but on arrival at Shih-tao all was found to be quiet, and the refugees were at once embarked with such of their possessions as they could cram into the boxes at their disposal. One of the members of the family was

an infant whose age could not have run to more than months, and here the "handy man" came in, as the efforts of father and mother being unavailing to pacify it, a leading signalman volunteered as nurse with great success, peace being at once restored. The whole party reached Wei-hai-Wei the same evening, where they subsequently disembarked, as that place was made a base for refugees from all parts near

WITH THE FLEET IN CHINESE WATERS: A NEW OCCUPATION FOR THE "HANDY MAN"



CROSS-EXAMINING A BOER SUSPECTED OF HAVING BROKEN HIS OATH OF NEUTRALITY

A FORAGING PARTY NEAR PRETORIA

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. FRIPP, R.W.S.

"Place aux Dames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

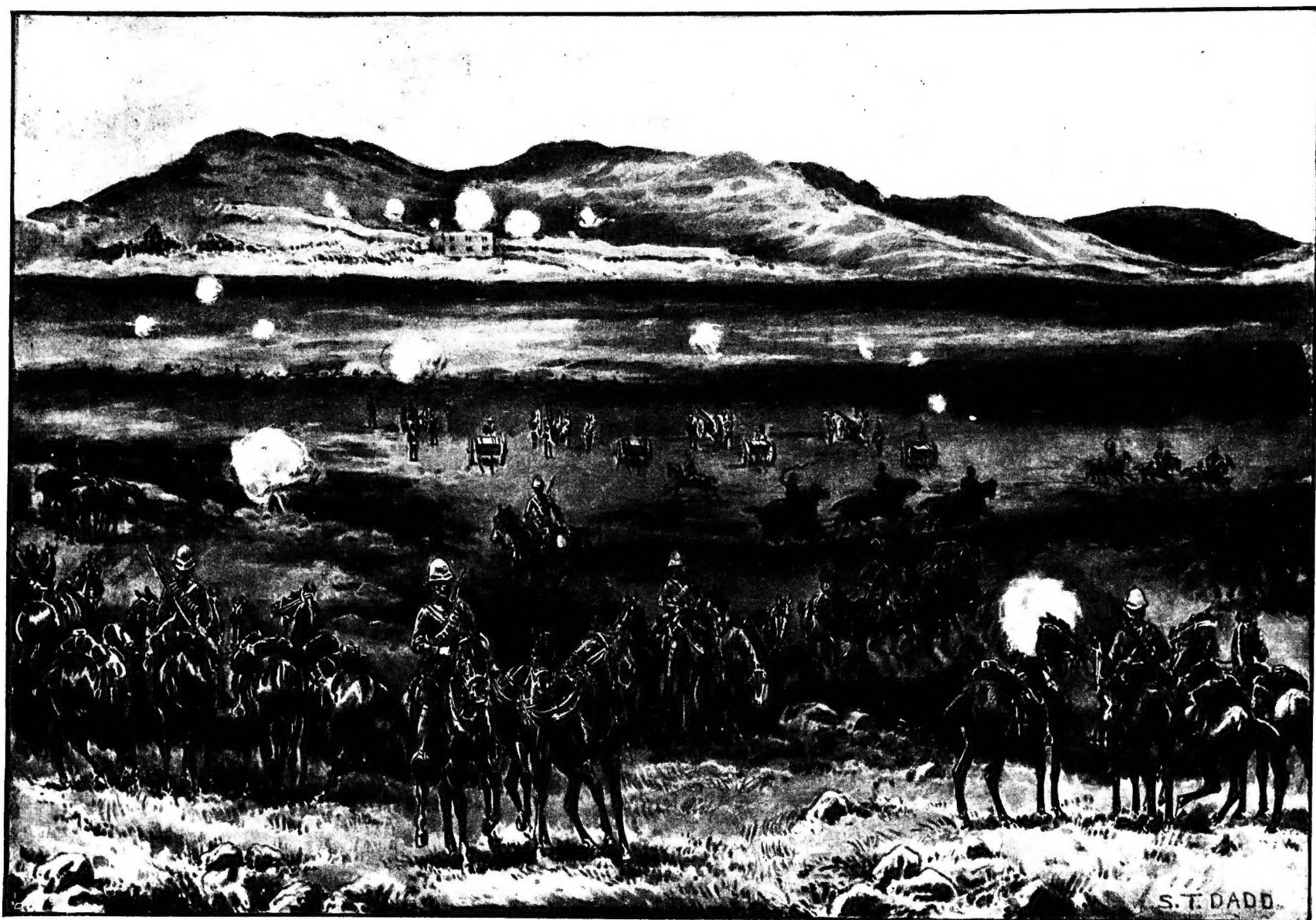
It appears that the County Council are now prepared to deal with one of the burning questions of the day—women's drunkenness. They have provided a Home, something on the model of the one erected by Lady Henry Somerset at Duxhurst, near Horley, which is to contain thirty inmates. The attempt has been made none too soon. It is sad, indeed, to see the intoxication among women of all classes, from the horrible hag who wrestles with a companion or the police and falls prostrate in the roadway (a sight that may be seen in the low streets of London any day at any hour), to the lady who absorbs alcohol in her own home. For the former one has every sympathy. Her surroundings, her bringing up, temptation, overcrowding and bad food render her an almost pitiable object; but for the lady what is to be

Lean cats have been well in evidence in London lately—cats deserted by their owners who have gone to fresh fields and pastures new and forgotten their home favourites. But are they really favourites? Nobody would forget a dog; why, then, the cat? Probably the cat has become a kind of kitchen institution, such as the table or the dresser, a thing cook likes to have about her and will feed when she has scraps. But nine people out of ten do not bestow a thought on their cat or feel the smallest thrill of affection for it. Then why the pest of cats? Want of thought, probably, and custom. A valuable cat is cared for like a dog, and not allowed to run about on the tiles and make night hideous. Instead of a wholesale lethal chamber a tax on cats would put a stop to the practice of neglect at once. Cats are not necessary for the killing of mice, and it is probable that a well-fed, sleek cat rarely kills a mouse; certainly she never eats one. The tax would prevent people keeping cats unless they were genuinely favourites, and in that case they would be looked after, and we should be

wine, and have as a digestive eggs beaten up in milk and arrowroot. Medicated baths and tonics are also supplied, and occasionally the animals are treated to a day in the country. This course of hygiene necessitated an expenditure of ten shillings a week." Cheap, it seems to me, for the amount supplied.

Rifle clubs for ladies are springing up everywhere. There is no objection to such practice, and no doubt in some instances it might be very useful, but the habit of covert and grouse shooting which it carries in its trail need surely not be encouraged. If ladies wish to shoot let them use a mark. The expense of covert shooting will always prove a deterrent to most women, but the callousness engendered by deliberately taking life, especially that of innocent birds, can scarcely be deemed desirable or womanly. Women might put their superfluous energy into many better amusements than this of shooting birds.

The French Exhibition appears to have been a financial failure, but as far as the English Pavilion is concerned we have every right to be proud of it. The house is beautiful,



DRAWN BY S. T. DADD

FROM A SKETCH BY TROOPER B. HIGHAM

A Correspondent serving with the 62nd Imperial Yeomanry writes concerning operations near Kroonstad:—"At last we not only saw Boers, but stood fire for the first time. An old Dutchman acted as guide, and well he did it. The Boers had been shelling a small company of our infantry, about 100 strong, who were guarding the railway line. We ascertained that their casualties were rather severe, losing one officer, a sergeant, and several troopers, besides a batch of wounded. Our fight soon developed; we had

four splendid fifteen-pounders and about 300 men. Our guns got to work in the twinkling of an eye; away our shells went—also the Boers—and we followed them up until they reached their trenches behind some hills, where we shelled them until dusk. We were in a warm corner at one time, the bullets whistling round us at an alarming pace. I cannot understand how we all escaped untouched. The interesting feature of this first fight was the coolness of our fellows under fire."

WITH THE 62ND IMPERIAL YEOMANRY: THEIR FIRST FIGHT—TWENTY MILES FROM KROONSTAD

said? If it is a disease it should be treated as such, and the victims of it should not go about at large to corrupt and horrify their families, perhaps their young children. But is it a disease? Is it not rather the result of a life at high pressure voluntarily led?

Whose fault is it that women, sometimes young girls, crowd the doors of public-houses, waiting for them to open, that liqueurs, spirits, and champagne are freely proffered to ladies and taken quite naturally as a part of everyday life? A glass of port at midday, whiskey-and-soda and liqueurs at lunch, champagne for dinner, and, perhaps, supper after the theatre, with liqueurs *ad libitum*, constitute a temptation if not an incitement to drink. In the lower classes a girl thinks nothing of asking for "Scotch" over the counter instead of beer. Spirits are far more drunk than formerly, and while in the upper classes drunkenness has almost entirely ceased among men, nipping spirits and stimulants are more freely indulged in by women of all ranks with the most sad and terrible results,

spared the spectacle of gaunt, miserable, woe-begone skeletons stalking about the street a prey to dogs and boys' ill usage.

The aristocracy is holding its own in these days of competitive examinations and hard work for the Army. Lord Malise Graham, second son of the Duke of Montrose, who won two scholarships at Cheltenham, has now passed into Woolwich thirty-seventh among 200 candidates at the early age of sixteen. A brilliant military future may be predicted for him.

False humanitarianism and sickly sentimentality are too much the modern trend of feeling. An account of the ridiculous money lavished on pet dogs in Paris, their jewelled collars, their expensive suits of clothes, sometimes trimmed with valuable furs and delicate embroideries, their tiny pocket-handkerchiefs and their footgear can only sadden sensible people. Remembering the real misery to be found every day by those who care to look for it, the climax seems reached with an account I have read of the treatment awarded to animals in a canine hospital. "The dogs were fed on essence of meat, washed down with port

most tastefully decorated, and the English pictures, too, have been much admired.

A novel holiday expedition might be made just now to the wine-growing districts of France to see the grape harvest or the *vendanges*. The love of the picturesque and the delight of the eye may here be gratified, while the quaint customs of the peasantry can be profitably observed. In France, too, even at small hotels decent food can be obtained and delicious wine drunk. It is also interesting to note the process of wine-making, and a good deal of quaint information can be picked up on the spot.

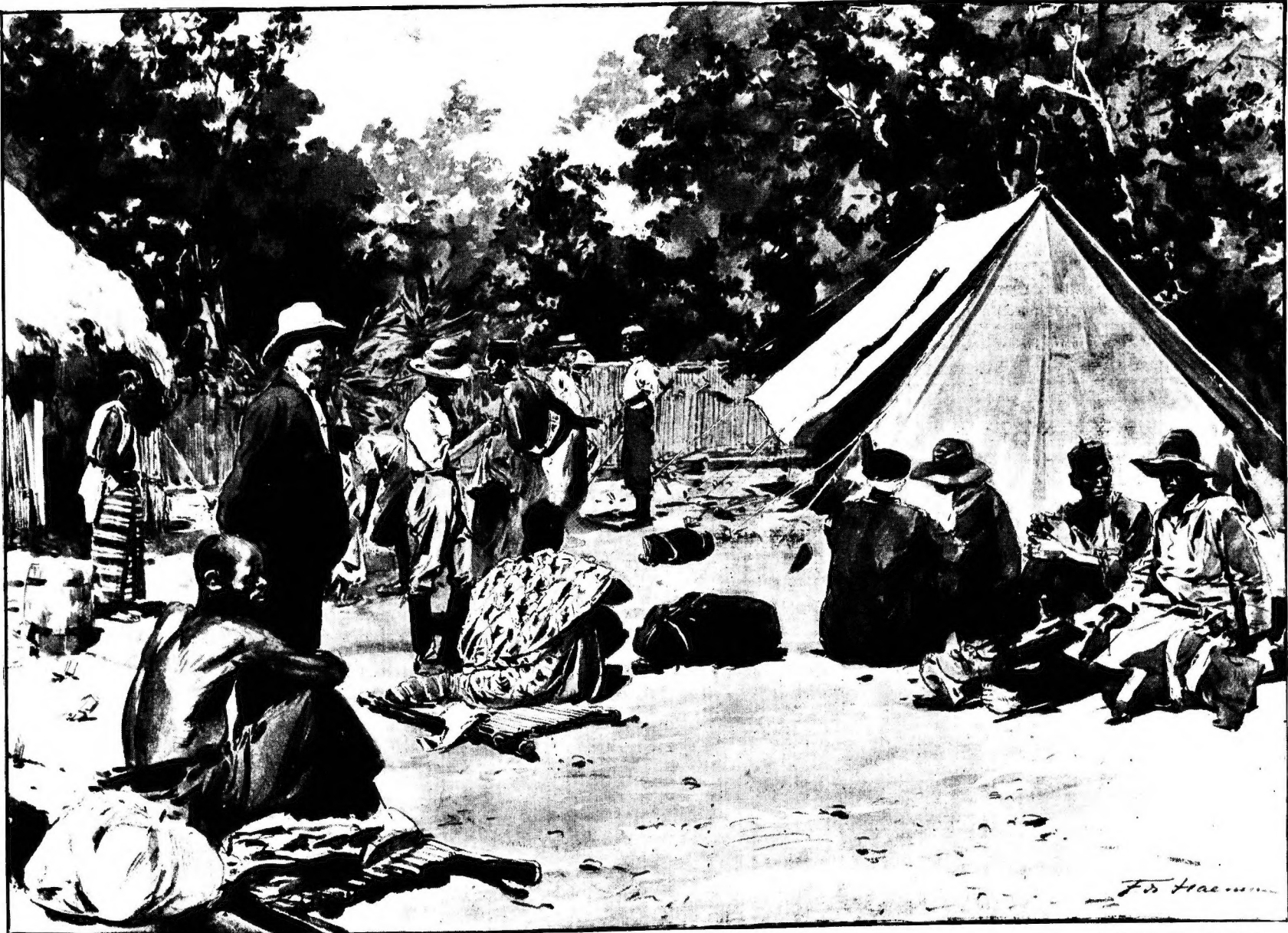
The Shah loved Ostend. Here he found quiet and repose, and got rid of the trace of hurry so displeasing to an Oriental. Ostend has become the ideal watering-place. The air is splendid, the hotels are excellent, some of them going in for "la haute cuisine," the Kursaal has been enlarged, the Ostend extension to Maria Kerke has been drained by an English engineer, and the Parc Marie Henriette is lovely. Pity that the one great drawback, gambling, brings in its train the scum of the earth and the snobs of all nationalities.



DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A CORRESPONDENT WITH THE FORCE

BEARERS ON THE MARCH THROUGH THE JUNGLE

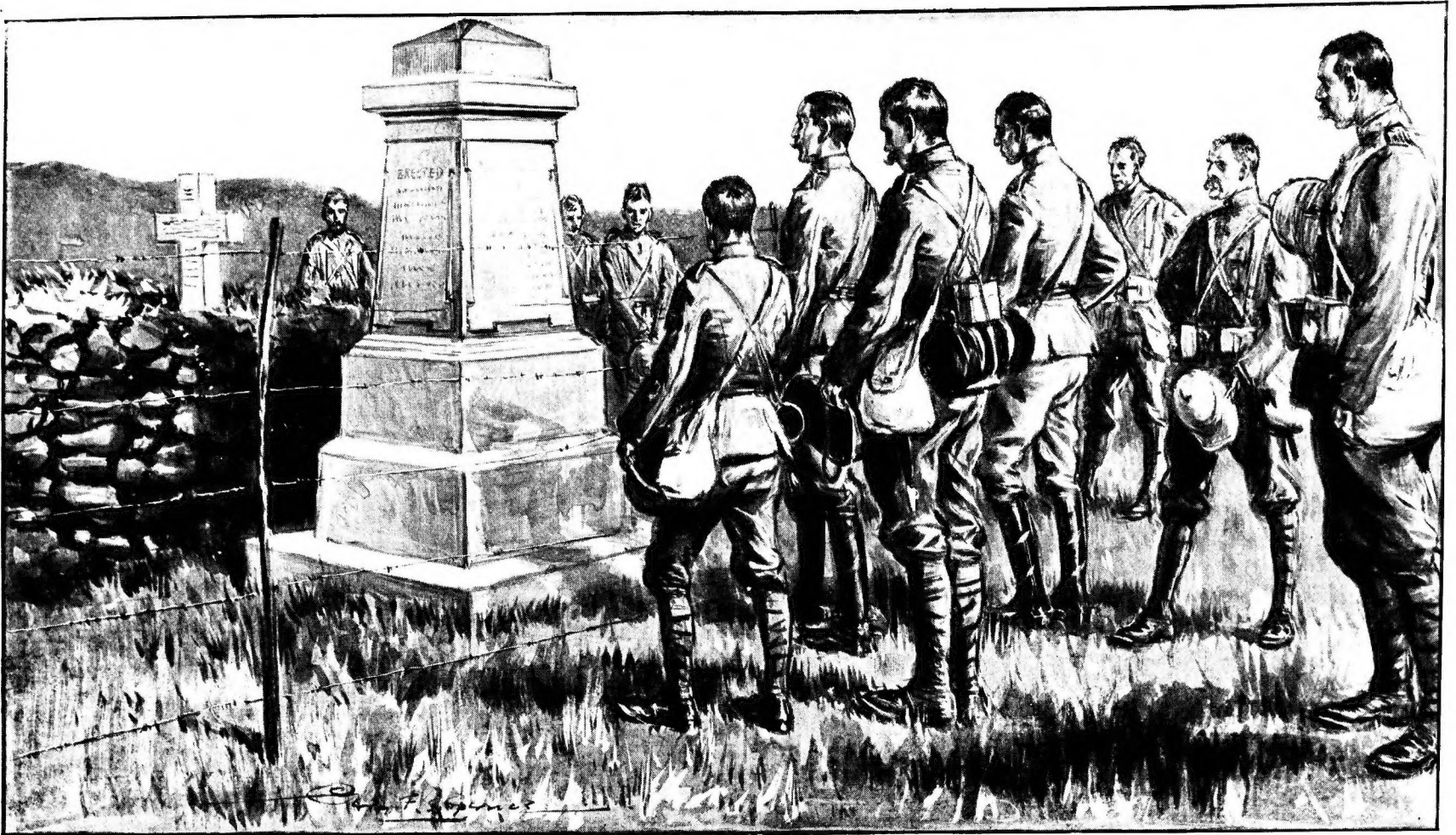


DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A CORRESPONDENT WITH THE FORCE

ATTENDING TO WOUNDED HAUSAS AFTER AN ENGAGEMENT

THE RELIEF OF KUMASSI: WITH COLONEL WILLCOCKS'S EXPEDITION



DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A BRITISH OFFICER

On the capture of Laing's Nek by Sir Redvers Buller's force some men of the Rifle Brigade and other regiments climbed Majuba Hill in order to pay a visit to the graves of comrades who fell in the disastrous battle in 1881

"AVENGERS AND THE AVENGED": A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT TO COMRADES WHO FELL AT MAJUBA IN 1881

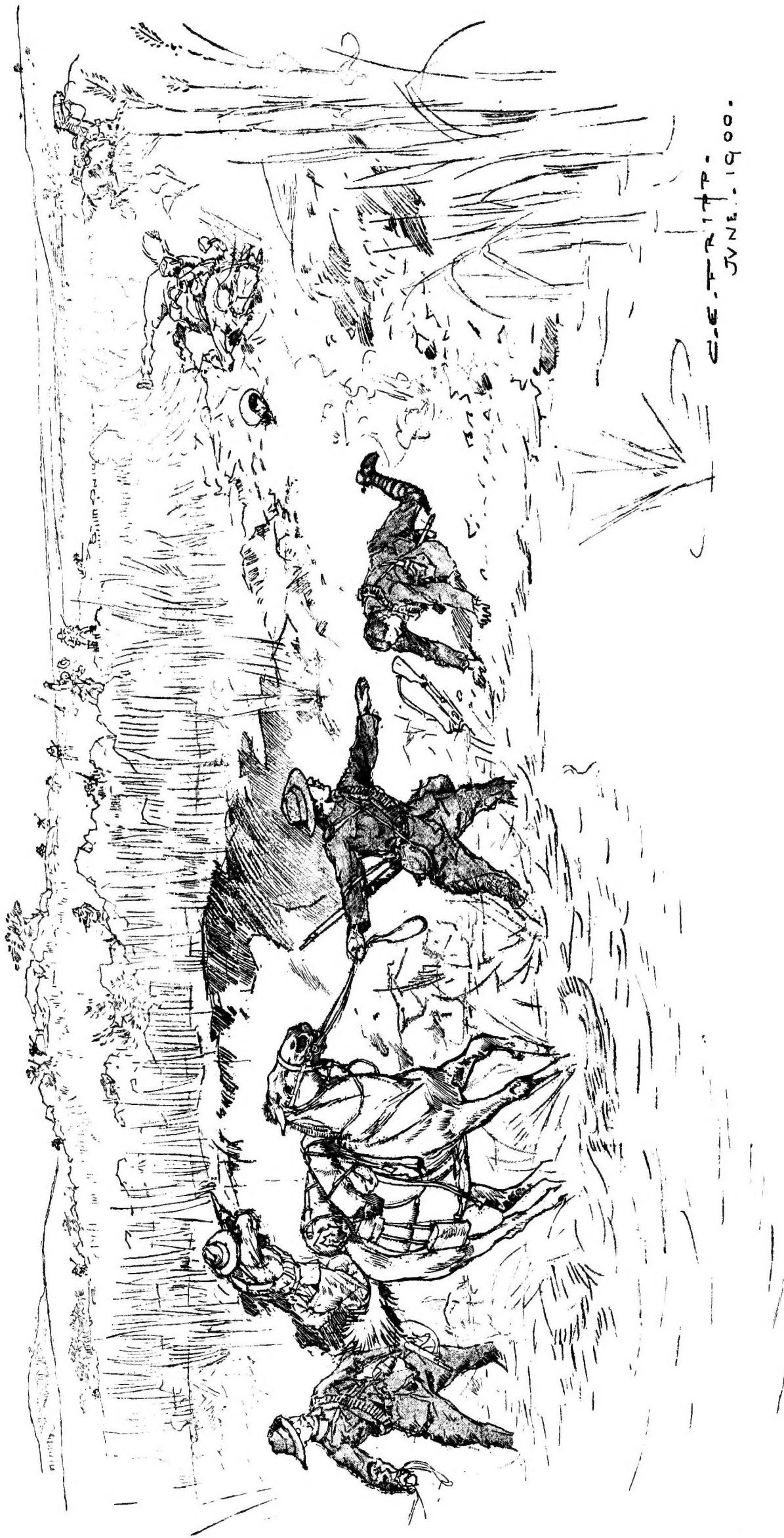


DRAWN BY GORDON BROWNE, R.I.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A BRITISH OFFICER

When the Boers captured Roodeval Station, among the spoils which fell into De Wet's hands were a railway train, a large number of mail-sacks, forage, mealies, forty tons of tobacco, ordnance stores, including 13,000 khaki overcoats, and much ammunition. Having selected the more valuable articles De Wet burned the train stores, mails, and station buildings.

WANTON DESTRUCTION BY THE BOERS AT ROODEVAL: ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF THE STATION AND THE MAIL BAGS



horses and leaving the severely wounded man at his own request, were fortunate enough to escape.

took shelter under the banks of the stream, but one poor fellow was badly hit and another slightly. With proper foresight six men had been left to cover the advance, and these retired to the enemy's fire. The party in the stream then crawled away, and abandoning their

Our Special Artist writes:—"A scouting party on crossing a drift found suspicious entertained as to the dangerous character of a kopje verified, for twenty Boers rose from the rocks as close as eighty yards and opened a terrific fusillade. The three men and the officer

A ROUGH TIME FOR THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY: A SCOUTING INCIDENT NEAR DERDEPORT

A FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. FRIPP, R.W.S.

The Chinese Crisis

By CHARLES LOWE

Cross Purposes

As the occupation of Pretoria was followed by a lull in the military operations of Lord Roberts, so there succeeded to the capture of Peking a similar standstill in the activity of the Allies, or, at least, a stoppage of news relating to their doings, though this may partly be accounted for by the fact that the Chinese had been threatening their line of communication with the coast and interrupting the telegraph wires. The news, therefore, which has reached us during the past seven days has been somewhat meagre, and only added one or two supplementary touches to the picture which we were able to construct from the reports of the various commanders as to the relief of the Legations in the Forbidden City. We had been led to infer that all the Europeans in Peking had taken refuge in the British Legation as a last refuge against massacre by the Manchurians, but this would not appear to have been so. For in a characteristic despatch from General Frey, commanding the French contingent of the relieving army, he remarked that "at the French Legation the morale of the occupants was excellent"—a despatch which

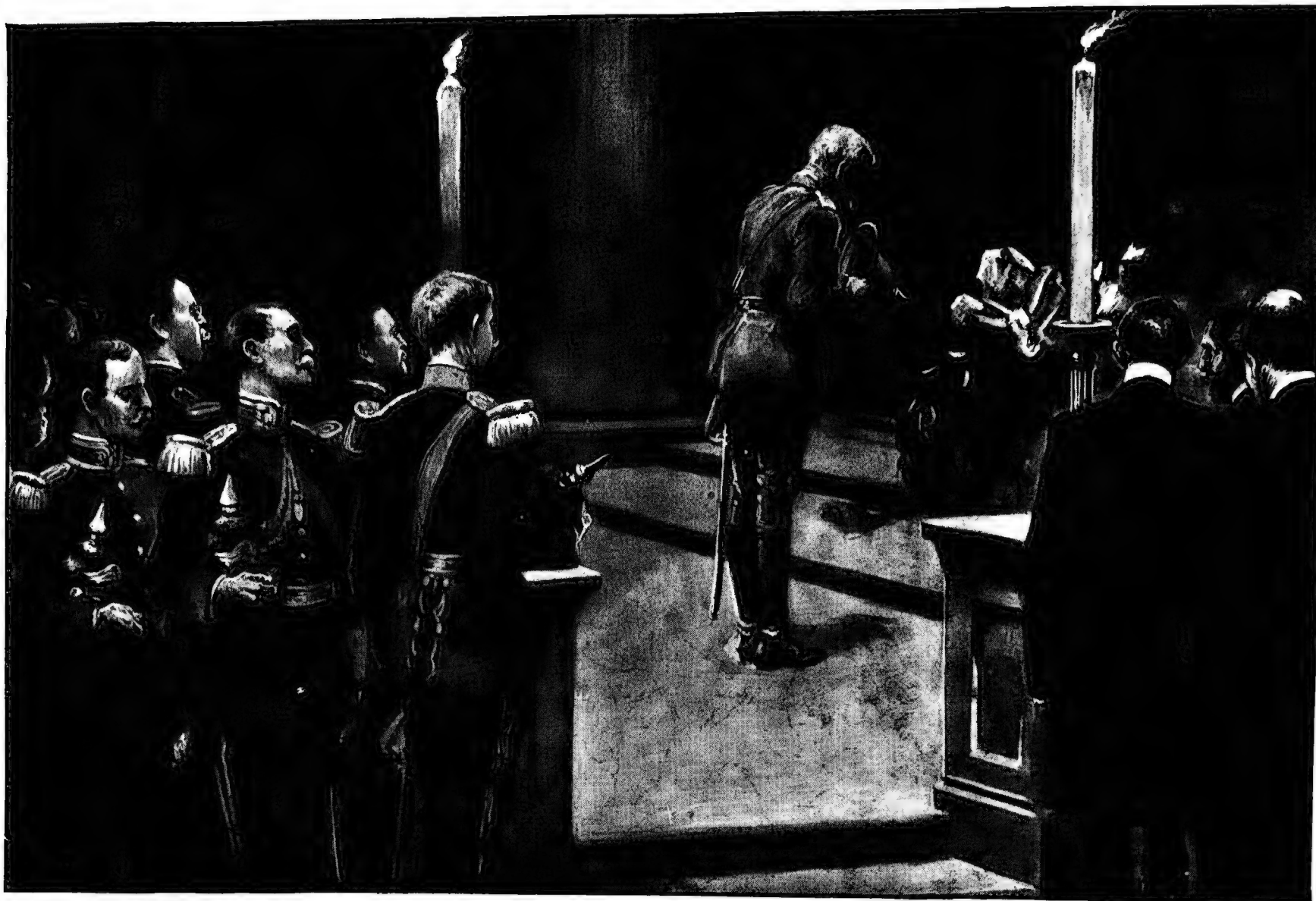
of Peking—to spend something like the sum of a quarter million sterling out of his private purse as a largesse to the allied troops who had relieved the Legations, although some of those troops, being utilitarian philosophers at heart, had seemed inclined to take their largesse in the shape of loot.

Chaos at Peking

But if the French accuse us of "dead-silencing" their share in the capture of Peking, what shall we say of their own method of narrative presentation? Says M. Pichon, the French Minister at Peking, in a despatch dated August 19:—"The French troops relieved Pei-tang on the 16th after a brilliant fight, in which the English, Japanese, and Russian detachments took part. I was present at this affair with the majority of the Staff of the Legation, including M. Anthouard, who came from Tientsin with General Frey," &c. A previous despatch from General Frey also made it appear as though the French contingent had played the premier role in the relief of the Legations; and indeed it is very difficult to piece together a full and impartial account of the capture of the Chinese capital from the accounts of the various commanders. But the outstanding and incontestable facts are that the capital was occupied by the International Army; that the Legations were relieved; and that the Dowager-Empress and

What Next?

The English and Americans met with but little resistance till they entered the town, but the fighting continued in the streets, of which the aspect was described as "one of absolute desolation," the destruction which had taken place being "simply appalling." What used to be Legation Street was completely unrecognisable—all the houses of the foreigners having been riddled with shells, burned, or blown up. Hundreds of acres of native houses had been burned, the destruction of property being of the most wanton kind. It was claimed by Admiral Remy for the American troops that they were the first to enter the inner, or Imperial City, and to penetrate to the very gates of the Palace. But then there came along the Russian commander, General Linevitch—on whom the Tsar hastened to confer the high Order of St. George—who reported that "at two o'clock on the morning of the 14th ult. our troops stormed the eastern gate of Peking, on the canal, and were the first to enter the City, where the Russian flag was the first to be hoisted on the City walls." As at Waterloo the Allied troops spent the night previous to the assault among corn-fields in a pouring rain; yet General Gaselee was able to report that, in spite of the great heat, and heavy roads and rains, "the spirit and endurance of our troops was beyond praise." The firing on the Legations continued up to the very moment when the relief force entered the city. "The troops," said one correspondent, at Peking, "came just in the nick of time, for we were almost exhausted after the hottest night's rifle fire to which we have been



DRAWN BY GORDON BROWNE, R.I.

Count von Waldersee, who is now on his way to China to assume command of the Allied Forces, broke his journey at Rome and was received by King Victor Emmanuel. Before visiting the King the Field-Marshal proceeded to the Pantheon and laid a magnificent wreath on the tomb of King Humbert. Owing

to some delay in the arrival of the Count's luggage he was compelled to visit both the Quirinal and the Pantheon in a khaki uniform and a spiked helmet

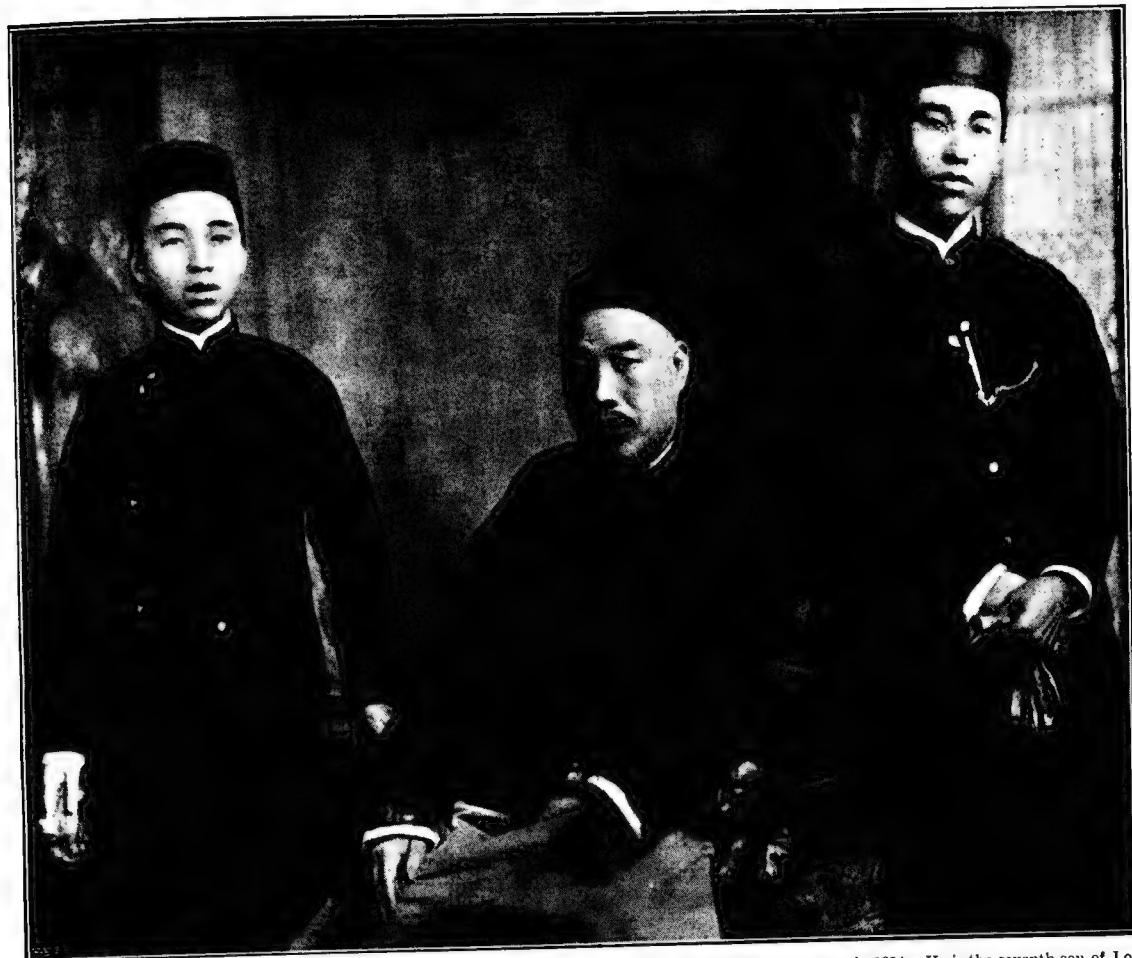
FROM A SKETCH BY A. BIANCHINI

COUNT VON WALDERSEE AT THE TOMB OF KING HUMBERT IN THE PANTHEON

caused the *Temps* to remark that it "at last gives us some information concerning the role played by our troops in the struggle which rendered the allied forces masters of Peking, and which the despatches of British origin hitherto received seemed to systematically leave in the shade." This was a most unfortunate remark in view of Admiral Seymour's generously worded letter to his French colleague, Admiral Courrejollès, in which he recorded his admiring recognition of the brilliant services rendered by the latter's blue-jackets in the first futile attempt to reach Peking, and which was compared by the *Figaro* to "a refreshing dewdrop upon a scorched-up piece of ground," while even the *Temps* declared that it was a "tribute to the French sailors that has gone to the heart of the nation, first of all because it was merited; secondly, because it emanates from a British Admiral; and lastly, but not least, because it comes at an opportune moment." It is astonishing what one can do with the French by means of a little word of praise, just as it was equally surprising to see how some opposition journals of the baser sort in Germany began to indulge in laboured calculations tending to show that the Kaiser was bound in honour—on the strength of his promise to pay a thousand taels to every one who should release a European from the deadly peril

Emperor were found to have fled to the westward a few days before the arrival of the relieving force, leaving nothing in the shape of an authoritative Government with which the Powers could negotiate in compliance with the request of Li Hunz Chang. Otherwise it is hard to synchronise and systematise the reports of the various commanders, though we have it on the authority of General Gaselee that "the Japanese had the hardest task"—a task which might and doubtless would have been rendered very much lighter by our own "handy men." But "I regret," reported Gaselee, "that owing to the heavy roads and forced march the Naval Brigade was unable to participate in the entry yesterday. The way they have brought their guns by boat and road from Tientsin has been an achievement of which they may be proud." But even without the "handy men" it was only by a forced march of fifteen miles, "in great heat," that our Indo-British troops were able to take part in the assault on the city, as, owing to some disagreement or misunderstanding between the various commanders, this assault, which was planned for the morning of the 15th, was delivered four-and-twenty hours sooner. It is probable that this precipitation was due to the increased and imminent peril of the Legations as evidenced by the intensified sound of the Chinese shell-fire inside the city. During the siege no fewer than 400 shells had fallen within the Legation grounds, the losses of the besieged being 65 men killed and 160 wounded, the latter including Dr. Morrison of the *Times*.

subjected during the siege. The Tsung-li-Yamen repeated its former treacherous attempts to throw us off our guard by informing us that they had given orders for the firing to cease, after which they treacherously attacked the British, French, American, and Russian Legations simultaneously from all sides. The uproar was deafening and continued all through the night. Towards morning the welcome sound of distant guns gave us renewed courage to continue our resistance." At a conference of Ministers and Generals it was resolved to apportion the city into sections, one of them being entrusted to each nation to guard. The losses on both sides had not been officially ascertained, but the Chinese were by far the greatest sufferers—both inside and outside the capital. Near Tientsin, on August 19, they had a loss of 300 killed and sixty prisoners (no mention of wounded) as the result of an action by which they endeavoured to cut the communications of the Allies, their opponents being a mixed force of British, American, Austrian, and Japanese troops, numbering about 1,000, under the command of General Dordard, who reported "lines of communication near Tientsin now free from danger." Around Peking, too, there continued to be a good deal of desultory fighting, with results disastrous to the disorganised Chinese, who in one engagement lost a hundred killed. Otherwise the Allies appeared to be paralysed with divided counsels and doubt as to what they should do with Peking after capturing it, and how to achieve their secondary object in the absence of a Government to treat with.



Sir Chih Chen Lo Feng-Luh, the present Chinese Ambassador to Great Britain, was appointed to the post in 1894. He is the seventh son of Lo Shao Tsung, a distinguished scholar of Foochow, and is fifty years of age. Educated privately by his father, and later at the Imperial Naval College, Pagoda Anchorage, River Min, he, in 1872, passed out as the most successful student of the Foochow College with full marks. His public career began in 1877, when he was made Attaché to the Chinese Legation in London, being transferred two years later to Berlin. In 1882 he became secretary to the then Viceroy, Li Hung Chang, and later, as first secretary to that personage, figured conspicuously in important foreign missions. These included the peace negotiations at Shimonoseki, Japan, in 1895, congratulatory Embassy on the occasion of the coronation of the Tsar of Russia, and subsequent European and American tour in 1896. Our photograph is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street

THE CHINESE MINISTER TO GREAT BRITAIN AND HIS SONS

Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

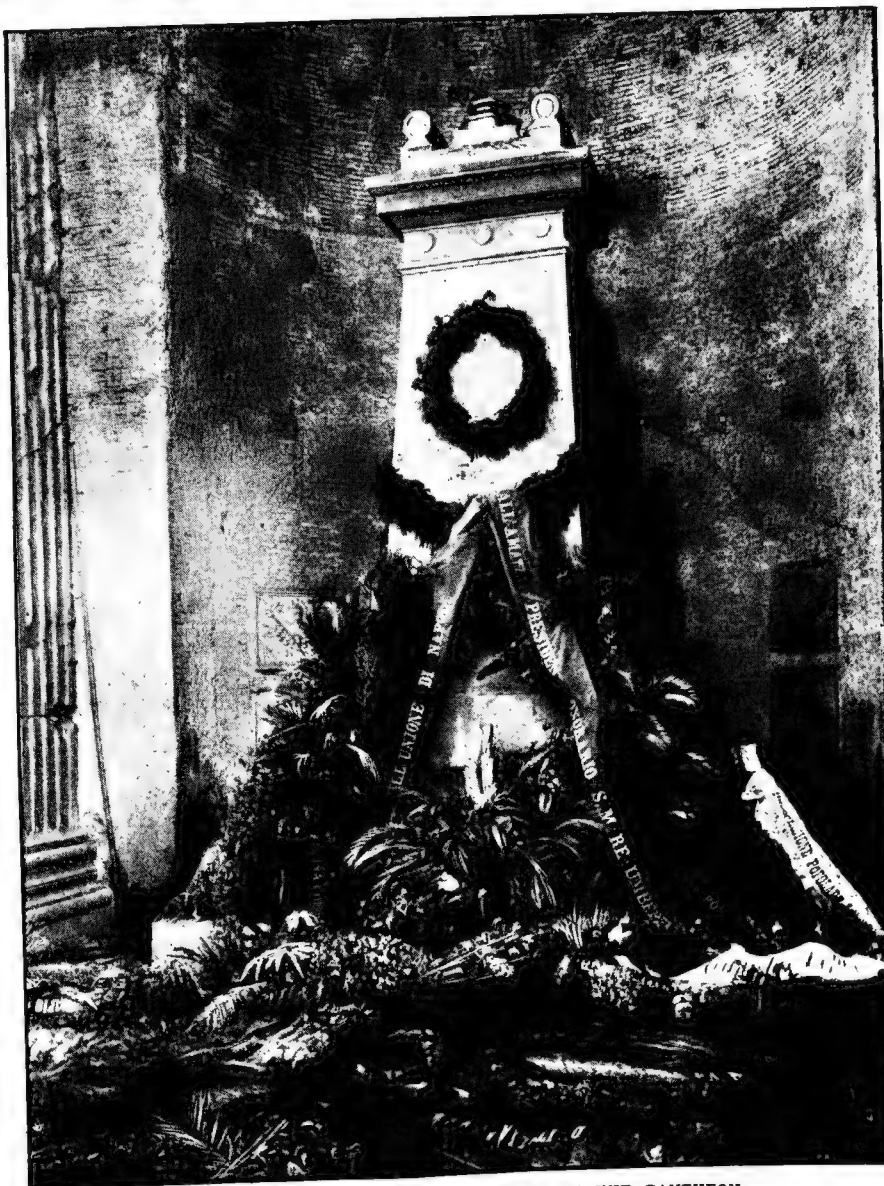
LORD ROBERTS has not yet commenced to send detachments of his Army home, but every boat from South Africa carries a batch of officers, most of them being men who are well known in London! That is curious, and there are those who conclude from this that there have been more officers with the troops than are necessary. It will be remembered that hundreds of West End men applied for employment in South Africa after our first reverse, and, probably, more of these candidates were accepted at the time than the War Office required in order to demonstrate to the world that the richest and the best connected in England were anxious to fight for the country.

The active fighting appears to be over, and many of those volunteers object to act as military policemen. The excitement of fighting made them ignore the hardships and privations of the campaign, but discomfort becomes unbearable when the "glory" of war is withdrawn. Lord Roberts has wisely permitted many of them to return to England, realising that, though their courage made them valuable when there was fighting, their want of military training diminishes their usefulness now.

All the officers who have written from the front greatly praise the Yeomanry, the City Imperial Volunteers and the Colonial contingents. The courage, the resource, the power of endurance, and the cheerfulness of the men who compose this portion of the force have made a great impression upon all who have served with them. There are some who go even so far as to maintain that as untrained men can be so efficient in the field it is unnecessary to waste time and money in training soldiers. They support this contention by recalling the services of the untrained soldiers of the United States in the recent war between that country and Spain.

When the "Summer Palace" was looted many years ago the treasure which was dispersed was enormously valuable. One well-known Englishman is said to have become possessed of a pearl necklace the pearls of which were so large

that he found it difficult to dispose of his property, as the market for such expensive gems was then very limited. Diplomats who have served at Peking declare that the treasure contained in the "Imperial Palace" is vastly more valuable than was that which was in the "Summer Palace." Unfortunately, experience has taught us that diplomats do not know many of the "Imperial Palace" secrets, and it may be that their



THE GRAVE OF THE KING OF ITALY IN THE PANTHEON

information as regards the treasure hoarded there is as untrustworthy as has been their information in other directions.

At the International Congress of Fire Brigades which has been held in Paris several engines driven by steam, oil or electricity were exhibited, and appear to have worked successfully. Two years ago the writer suggested in this column that the Fire Brigade Committee of the London County Council should acquire some engines of this type for the purpose of studying their merits and defects. Is it too much to expect that the richest city the world has ever had should keep well to the front in having the best appliances for contending against fire?

At about the same time it was predicted that the discovery of wireless telegraphy inevitably entailed the further development—wireless telephony. The prediction has been fulfilled. It is gratifying to the national vanity that it is an Englishman who has contrived to make the voice travel a considerable distance without its being conducted by wire. Wireless telephony should be enormously useful, especially when in use on the railways, and should altogether prevent collisions.

It is earnestly to be hoped that the war in South Africa will be concluded before Christmas, and that a large portion of the force now under Lord Roberts will then be at home again. There are two suggestions connected with this which should be considered now when there is still time to give effect to

them if they are reasonable. The men at the front had a distressing Christmas last year, and it would be a kindly act to provide those who are retained in South Africa with the means of spending a happier time on this occasion. It would also be a kindly thing were the benevolent public to provide Christmas fare for the soldiers who will then be at home, and have risked their life and limbs in the cause of the nation. To collect funds for this purpose, and to prepare the necessary organisation, will take time, and, therefore, the suggestion may not unreasonably be made now.

Many Colonial and American visitors to London express much disappointment at not being admitted to the State rooms at St. James's Palace. The rooms possess considerable historic interest, and, as they are not used except occasionally, it is to be regretted that they are closed to the public. The matter has been frequently discussed of late, and it is understood that several men who have influence with the authorities have undertaken to endeavour to have these rooms opened as they should be. It would be well were the authorities to grant more easy access to the State rooms at Buckingham Palace. As it is, perhaps ten thousand Londoners, out of a population of over five millions, have ever set foot in the Palace.

"What shall we do with our sons?" was a question which was discussed some years ago in a London newspaper during the autumn months. "What shall we do with Mr. Chamberlain?" is the question which politicians are now asking each other. Should there be a General Election this year, and were the Conservatives returned to power, the Ministry would certainly be remodelled. Would Mr. Chamberlain be then retained at the Colonial Office or would be offered another Department? As Secretary for War Mr. Chamberlain would be the right man in the right place and at the right moment. His immense energy and his business ability would especially fit him to control the War Office at a time when that Department and the Army are to be reorganised.

PROPHECY HAS BEEN RIGHT FOR ONCE. When the New Year opened in China it was foretold that this year would be marked in national calamity and disaster to the Imperial dynasty, owing to the year having two "eighth moons." The last year of the Kung was full of troubles, and the present certainly promises to keep up the tradition.



COUNT SACCONI
Architect of the King of Italy's tomb



DRAWN BY S. T. DADD

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAPTAIN P. U. VIGORS

Not everyone fares badly in South Africa, it would seem, to judge from the photographs from which this illustration was made. The "farmyard" and the "larder" of the Devons both appear to be well stocked. The dogs shown on the left are a pair of pointers owned by the regiment

WITH THE 2ND DEVONSHIRE REGIMENT AT STANDERTON: THE LARDER



DRAWN BY GORDON IROWE, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY AGNES M. JOHNSTON

A Correspondent writes:—"It is wonderful to see how soon Tommy in hospital makes friends with the wounded Boers who are under the same roof. There is no kind of illwill between Briton and Boer

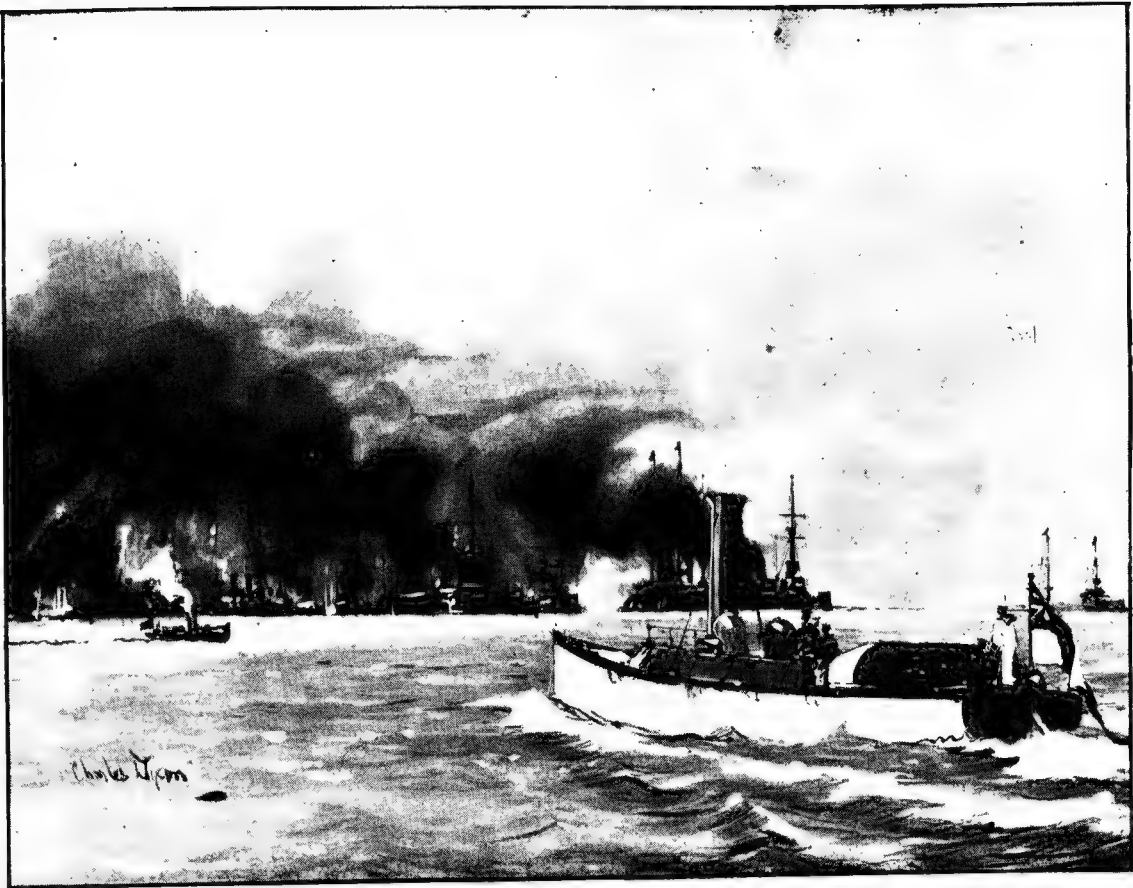
when in hospital. My sketch shows two patients playing a game of cards, in which the Boer is winning—a contrast between the more serious game that is being played between the two races outside the hospital"

"THE BOER WINS THE TRICK": A SCENE IN THE BASE HOSPITAL, PIETERMARITZBURG

Exhibition
Gottings

By OUR PARIS
CORRESPONDENT

THE immense success of the first Venetian fête on the river encouraged M. Picard to give a second, and half a million people or so turned out, but the disastrous accident on one of the foot-bridges has resulted in an immediate falling off in the number of visitors, and it is more than doubtful if any further fête will now draw the crowds the former ones have done. Another factor that increases the difficulty of putting any *flair* into the great show is the fact that the awards have been distributed, so that now the interest of the exhibitors must necessarily fall off. Up to the present they were buoyed up with the hope of securing a grand prize or a gold medal. Now that their fate is decided that interest in the Exhibition is gone. I need not say, of course, that the list of awards has led to all kinds of heart-burnings among the unsuccessful exhibitors. This, of



DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON

FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH NAVAL OFFICER

A naval officer, writing from one of H.M. ships serving in Chinese waters, says that the Allied Fleet looked like a distant view of Sheffield, most of the ships sending forth volumes of black smoke owing to the foreigners burning soft coal. The Russian ships were the worst offenders, especially the *Rossia*. It was, continues our correspondent, quite like old times in the Channel Fleet with "Goschen's Mixture"

"JUST LIKE SHEFFIELD": THE ALLIED FLEET IN CHINESE WATERS

course, is always the case and words generally fail the recipient of a bronze medal or an honourable mention in which to express his opinion of the jury.

In the present instance the distribution of prizes was made with a lavish hand. Over 47,000 awards is an unprecedented number. It is even a trifle ridiculous, because when everyone gets a prize the awards naturally lose their value. There was, indeed, a substratum of truth in M. Paul de Cassagnac's gibe, that all one had to do to get a prize was to drink a glass of beer in the Exhibition.

But if the list of awards has caused "weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth," the list of decorations in the Legion of Honour has given even greater dissatisfaction. But then it always does. Meilhac, in one of his comedies, once described a Parisian as "*un monsieur décoré qui ne sait pas le géographie*," is true to-day. Every Frenchman wants the red ribbon, and as only a small proportion (that is, a comparatively small



It is difficult for a visitor to believe that he is in London when he stands opposite the waterfall in Battersea Park. This "open space," which covers about 200 acres between Chelsea and Albert Bridges on the Surrey side of the Thames, has been very well laid out, containing ornamental water for boating, a

sub-tropical garden of four acres in extent, and some excellent walks, including a riverside promenade. The waterfall has all the appearance of being part of a mountain torrent—that is, when it is working, for visitors are sometimes disappointed to find it dry

A LONDON WATERFALL

From a Photograph by T. C. Hepworth

portion) of the population can get it, the number of the discontented is always large.

One cross that has been looked for for years, and which has this time again failed to put in an appearance, is that for Madame Sarah Bernhardt. There is in France, strange to say, an invincible bourgeois prejudice against decorating an actress, and not even Madame Bernhardt's transcendent talents have been able to overcome it. In fact, no French actress has ever been decorated *quid* actress. Such as have received the coveted cross have, like Madame Marie Laurent, the President of the Actors' Benevolent Society Schools, received it in some capacity other than that of actress.

Another cross that was confidently expected to figure in the list was that for M. Antoine, the famous manager of the Théâtre Libre. It, too, is, however, conspicuous by its absence. I am afraid that this is another triumph of bourgeois prejudice. M. Antoine has produced at his theatre certain pieces the realism of which has shocked certain classes. Tolstoi's *Powers of Darkness* and Gerhardt Hauptmann's *Die Weber* notably gave deep offence. But it is certain that M. Antoine's great services to the stage and literature should have triumphed over narrow-minded prejudice of this kind.

For the last week all kinds of rumours have been current in the Press about the prolongation of the duration of the Exhibition. These rumours have, in all probability, been put in circulation by speculators in entrance tickets. With sixty-five million tickets in existence it was clear that at least half could never be used between now and November 5, the date fixed for the closing. The prices, therefore, fell rapidly, till tickets could be had for twopence-halfpenny.

If, however, the duration of the Exhibition should be prolonged more tickets will be used, and there would be a consequent rise in the value of the tickets. This was seen last week when these rumours were current; tickets went up at once to fourpence each. There is, I learn from excellent authority, no chance of the Exhibition being prolonged, and this for several reasons. Firstly, the date of the closing, November 5, was fixed by Act of Parliament. It would, therefore, be necessary to pass a special law to allow of the prolongation.

Then there are material difficulties. The various palaces and pavilions, though outwardly they look solid enough, are only constructed of lath and plaster, and in some instances only of painted canvas stretched on a framework. They could, therefore, never support the rigours of the winter climate. Then there is no provision made for lighting them, and by the middle of November it will be pitch dark by seven o'clock, the official closing time of the various sections. The installation of electric light would be a long and costly affair, and I doubt if the machines, which at present have all they can do to drive the machinery and keep the moving platform going, could furnish the necessary electricity. In these circumstances I will be very much surprised if the closing ceremony does not take place on November 5.

Another proposal has been made, however, which is more feasible, though I doubt if it too has any great chance of success. This is made by M. Paschal Grousset, the Socialist Deputy for Paris. He proposes that the Exhibition should be closed on November 5, everything kept in its place and reopened again next



DR. G. B. CLARK
M.P. for Caithness-shire



MR. JOHN ELLIS
M.P. for Notts, Rushcliffe Division



MR. HENRY LABOUCHERE
M.P. for Northampton

THE SOUTH AFRICAN CORRESPONDENCE: THE IMPLICATED M.P.'S

year. Here, again, I am afraid we would meet with insuperable material difficulties. It would require an army of men to guard the Exhibition, and I much doubt if the exhibitors would expose their goods to the risks of a winter sojourn in lath and plaster palaces and pavilions. A large number of the exhibits are also already booked for Glasgow, which promises to be a sort of reproduction on a small scale of the World's Fair at Paris. Under the circumstances I am afraid M. Paschal Grousset's scheme will not be realised, though he is making propaganda for it with his usual energy.

An object-lesson in the dangers of leaving the exhibits over winter at the Champ de Mars has just been given in the last day or two. After the intensely hot weather of the last two months we have had a succession of wet days. This had given unpleasantly practical demonstration of the fact that some of the roofs are no longer water-tight.

General Olivier

GENERAL OLIVIER is the victor of Stormberg, and the man who slipped through our fingers a dozen times during the operations south-east of Bloemfontein in April and May. General Bruce Hamilton has now caught him at Winburg, and with him his three sons, and he will give our men no further trouble.



GENERAL OLIVIER
Captured by General Bruce Hamilton

"A very important capture," Lord Roberts remarked in his despatch announcing the event, "as Olivier has been the moving spirit among the Boers in the south-east portion of the Orange River Colony throughout the war." The effect of the capture will probably at once be felt on the

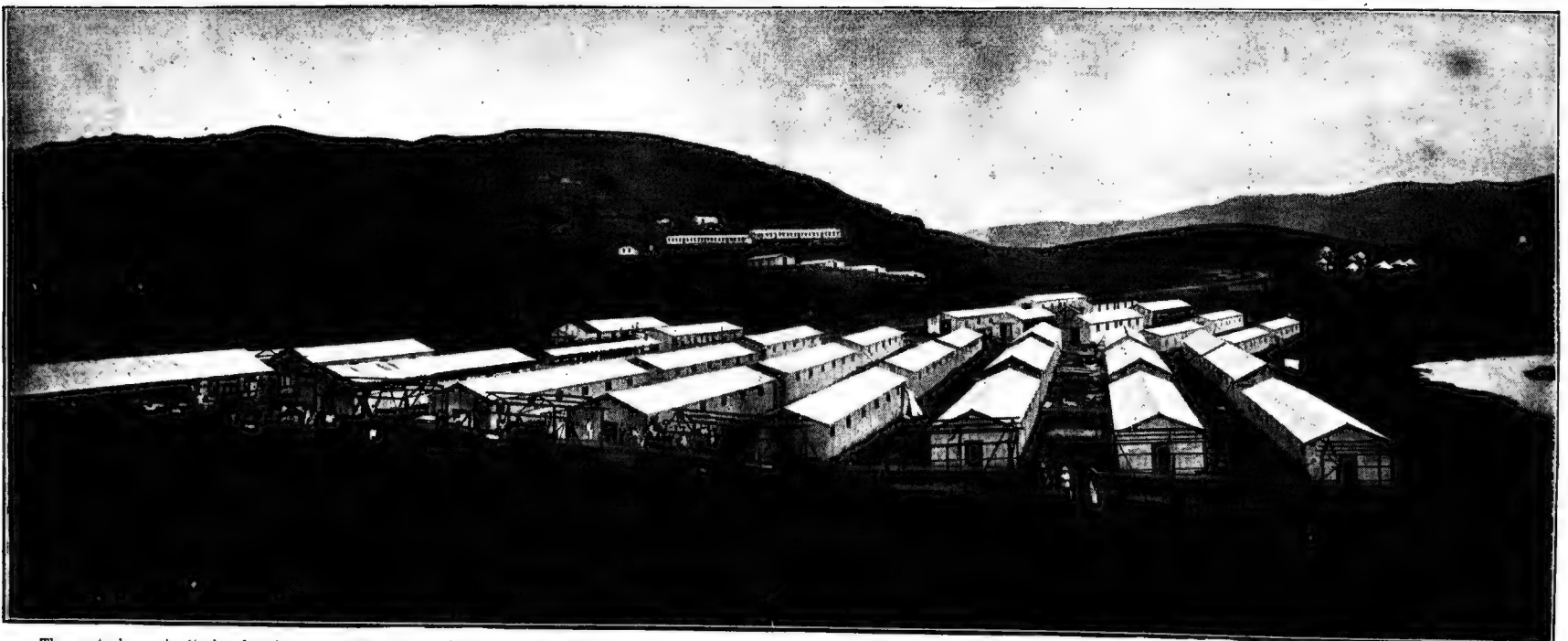
line of communications, for Olivier and his Boers remained in the Free State after De Wet made his way across the border into the Transvaal, and continued to threaten; and now De Wet will lose the support of one of his ablest colleagues. Failing De Wet himself, no prisoner could be more acceptable, and he and his boys will no doubt soon be on their way to St. Helena or Ceylon. Mr. Hales, the correspondent of the *Daily News*, has given a pen picture of the famous commandant from a description of him by his own men. "Our General Olivier," said they, "is one of the slimmest men in all Africa. You don't know him, and if you Britishers were to talk to him you would reckon him up as a rather stupid sort of fellow. He knows how to know nothing when it suits him. He can make his face as expressionless as the back wall of a cemetery on a wet day, even

when he is just boiling with excitement inside. Olivier knew all about your General Gatacre. He had studied him. He knew him to be a very brave man, and he would say, Gatacre is a man who would charge at the head of 500 men into the ranks of 10,000, if he were ordered to do it, and would rather relish the job." The way to worry a man like that was to pick a position among a lot of kopjes so situated that you can always be threatening him, yet be in a position to fall back or change ground when he wants to fight. Olivier is a mixture of audacity and shrewdness—as stubborn as Cronje, as subtle as Joubert, and as for his personal bravery, you have not got a man in the British Army more plucky when pluck is wanted."

The Pretoria Correspondence

DR. CLARK, Mr. Labouchere, and Mr. John Ellis have drawn down upon themselves a shower-bath of popular indignation, such as they can never have expected to receive when they set themselves to correspond with the enemies of their country. Which is the worst offender of the three it would be difficult to say. Dr. Clark actually went so far as to advise Mr. Kruger on the military measures he should take in the event of war with this country. If that be not technically treason, it is something uncommonly near it. Mr. Labouchere did not go so far as that; but his cynical disregard of British interests, so long as he could "give Joe another fall," must have struck many people as no less disagreeable than the attitude of the member for Caithness. As to Mr. John Ellis there is something peculiarly mean about his demand for "facts" which should tell against the conduct of British soldiers in the field. The "facts" Mr. Ellis wanted were all to be on one side. Dr. Clark's constituents have already given evidence of their views with regard to his conduct, the protection of the police being required to escort him safely from the meeting which he had been ill-advised enough to address. How the other two worthies who prefer Boer to British interests will fare at the General Election is an interesting subject for speculation. In the times in which we live the Anti-British Briton is singularly out of place in the British House of Commons. Our portraits of Mr. Ellis and Mr. Labouchere are by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, and that of Dr. Clark by Russell and Sons.

THE "COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE" (Henry Sell) issues a capital map of China and the adjacent countries. The names of the chief towns are shown in type in accordance with the importance of the town. The names of the Treaty Ports are given in a special type, and all navigable rivers are shown clearly as such.



The spot chosen in Ceylon for the camp of the Boer prisoners is far from the centres of industry. Diyatalawa, where the camp has been constructed, is in a valley, properly called Happy Valley, situated among the rolling plains of Uva, and is one of the most beautiful spots in the island. It is a little over 5,000 feet above sea level, and is three or four miles from Bandarawela, the terminal station of the up-country line of railway from Colombo, from which place it is 150 miles. The camp consists of forty

iron buildings with wooden floors, each measuring 120 feet by 12 feet. Besides these there are thirty-four other buildings within the enclosure. Outside the fence, at the northern end, there are three sets of buildings for hospitals, and at the southern end is a large police shed. The skeleton buildings in front of the illustration are intended for kitchens.

THE CAMP OF BOER PRISONERS AT DIYATALAWA, CEYLON

The War in South Africa

De Wet and Olivier

THERE is now every sign that we are at last nearing the end of our wearisome war with the Boers, in spite of the fact that the egregious De Wet has once more escaped our toils and actually reappeared in the neighbourhood of Heilbron, in the Orange River Colony, the scene of his previous Rob Roy-like exploits. The force which he took north with him across the Vaal was frittered away by the force of attrition which was persistently applied to it by Kitchener, Methuen, and others of his pursuers. De Wet has had to part with his prisoners, his guns (which he probably buried), and his transport, while his following broke up into minor bodies and thus managed to slip away. He himself, riding by mountain bridle-paths, succeeded in finding his way back to the Orange River Colony, where he may probably assume command of the burghers who have been deprived of their leader by Bruce-Hamilton's capture of Olivier and his three sons at Winburg—Olivier, the Boer hero of Stormberg, Wepener, and other places, and, "the moving spirit," as Lord Roberts called him, "amongst the Boers in the south-east." The fighting which resulted in the capture of Olivier showed that resistance to our arms, is by no means at an end in Orange River Colony, though it must now be rapidly fizzling out in spite of the rallying presence of De Wet.

"B.-P." Again

In the north, on the other hand, Baden-Powell, near Warm Baths, on the Pretoria-Petersburg line, succeeded in rescuing about a

in-Chief, a doom of which he himself admitted the justice in a last letter to his mother, and which will probably have more effect on perfidious burghers than acres of proclamations. On arriving at Belfast, the centre of his attack on the Boer line—from twenty-five to thirty miles in curving extent—Lord Roberts had a conference with French and Buller, the latter of whom had led his army, including the erstwhile beleaguered garrison of Ladysmith, slantwise across the Transvaal from Standerton till it reached the Delagoa Bay Railway near Dalmanutha. But Buller had not been able to keep his tryst without having to record another "unfortunate occurrence" which happened to two companies of the Liverpool Regiment, which, by an unaccountable lack of precaution, "advanced about 1,500 yards into a hollow out of sight of the main body, where they were surrounded by Boers and suffered severely." On the 26th ult. Roberts engaged the enemy the greater part of the day "over a perimeter of nearly thirty miles"—Buller being on the right with Lyttelton's Division and two brigades of cavalry, and French on the far left with two of his Horse Brigades, which drove the Boers back to Lekenby on the Lydenburg road, and thus opened the way for the advance of Pole-Carew's Guards of the 11th Division. Amply provided with guns of all kinds, and favoured by the configuration of the ground, the Boers made a most determined stand, though our casualties were remarkably few. And even next day—27th ult.—they were comparatively trifling considering the "decided success" that was gained by our troops in the bayonet capture of Berg-en-Dal, a very strong position on the Boer left, which was stormed by the Inniskilling Fusiliers and the 2nd Rifle Brigade in a manner which caused Roberts himself to describe the feat as a "fine performance," the more so

age, and entered the Royal Marines in September, 1890. He was attached to the Portsmouth division of the Royal Marines, was appointed to the *Centurion*, Admiral Seymour's flagship, as supernumerary in December, 1898, and transferred to the *Aurora* at the close of last year. Our portrait is by G. West and Son, Southsea.

Lieutenant Reginald Robert Stapylton-Bree, Victorian Mounted Rifles, was only nineteen years of age. He was the eldest son of Mr. Robert Stapylton-Bree, of Hamilton, Victoria, Australia, and grandson of the Hon. S. G. Henty, one of the best known of the early pioneers of the Colony. Our portrait is by T. Humphrey and Co., Melbourne.

Lieutenant R. Fordham Flowers, Warwickshire Yeomanry, was killed with Paget's force during the fighting with some of the commandos which are assisting De Wet. Our portrait is by Dickinson and Foster.

Mr. Robert Oldershaw, now serving in South Africa, was granted a commission in the Royal Artillery in June last. He is the elder son of Dr. Oldershaw, of Wallasey, Cheshire, and Dunnimere, Staffordshire. Mr. Oldershaw was lieutenant in the 1st Cheshire and Carnarvon Volunteer Artillery, in which regiment his father holds a captaincy, and went out to South Africa as a trooper in the Imperial Yeomanry. Our portrait is by S. Hurst Shrewsbury.

Corporal Linton F. Wynne-Willson, of the Oxford University Detachment of the Oxford Light Infantry, has been gazetted second



GENERAL BRUCE-HAMILTON
Who captured General Olivier



CORPORAL L. F. WYNNE-WILLSON
Who has been given a commission



PRIVATE WILKIN
Canadian Contingent, recommended for the V.C.



TROOPER ROBERT OLDERSHAW
Who has been granted a commission



THE LATE LIEUT. R. FORDHAM FLOWERS
Killed at Haman's Kraal



THE LATE CAPTAIN H. T. R. LLOYD
Killed at Tientsin



THE LATE LIEUT. R. R. STAPYLTON-BREE
Died of enteric at Bloemfontein



THE LATE LIEUT.-COLONEL SPRECKLEY
Killed at Haman's Kraal

hundred British prisoners and capturing five-and-twenty Boers, including a German Artillery officer, Captain von der Merwe. Otherwise "B.-P." had been having a brisk time in pursuing and breaking up the Boers in that region—especially those of Grobler, whom he engaged on the Pienaar's River. "During the fight," said Lord Roberts, who now seems to be war-correspondent-in-chief as well as Commander-in-Chief, "Baden-Powell's and the enemy's advance guards galloped into each other; the Rhodesian Regiment suffered severely, Lieutenant-Colonel Spreckley and four men being killed, and Lieutenant Irvine and six men wounded." A few days later Baden-Powell reported that he had pushed on north of Warm Baths and occupied Nylstroom without opposition. As the country in which he and Paget were operating is dense bush veldt, and as it was not desirable at present for them to proceed further north, their troops were ordered back towards Pretoria.

Botha's Last Stand

The result of all that marching up and down and fighting was to render comparatively innocuous the followings of De Wet, Grobler, and Delarey, and to reduce the war risk in the Western part of the Transvaal, and to enable Lord Roberts to concentrate all his attention on the task of breaking up the resistance of Botha and his Boers in the east, where, in unknown numbers, they had taken up a very formidable position on a bastion-like semicircle of hills several miles in front of Machadodorp—until lately the residence of President Kruger, who would now appear to have been joined by ex-President Steyn. Lord Roberts himself hurried up to the front from Pretoria, where, by the way, the only notable event during the past week was the execution of Lieutenant Hans Cordua for breaking his parole and conspiring to kidnap our Commander-

in-Chief, a doom of which he himself admitted the justice in a last letter to his mother, and which will probably have more effect on perfidious burghers than acres of proclamations. On arriving at Belfast, the centre of his attack on the Boer line—from twenty-five to thirty miles in curving extent—Lord Roberts had a conference with French and Buller, the latter of whom had led his army, including the erstwhile beleaguered garrison of Ladysmith, slantwise across the Transvaal from Standerton till it reached the Delagoa Bay Railway near Dalmanutha. But Buller had not been able to keep his tryst without having to record another "unfortunate occurrence" which happened to two companies of the Liverpool Regiment, which, by an unaccountable lack of precaution, "advanced about 1,500 yards into a hollow out of sight of the main body, where they were surrounded by Boers and suffered severely." On the 26th ult. Roberts engaged the enemy the greater part of the day "over a perimeter of nearly thirty miles"—Buller being on the right with Lyttelton's Division and two brigades of cavalry, and French on the far left with two of his Horse Brigades, which drove the Boers back to Lekenby on the Lydenburg road, and thus opened the way for the advance of Pole-Carew's Guards of the 11th Division. Amply provided with guns of all kinds, and favoured by the configuration of the ground, the Boers made a most determined stand, though our casualties were remarkably few. And even next day—27th ult.—they were comparatively trifling considering the "decided success" that was gained by our troops in the bayonet capture of Berg-en-Dal, a very strong position on the Boer left, which was stormed by the Inniskilling Fusiliers and the 2nd Rifle Brigade in a manner which caused Roberts himself to describe the feat as a "fine performance," the more so

War Portraits

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SPRECKLEY was killed in an engagement between the force under Baden-Powell and Commandant Grobler on the Pienaar River. In Lieutenant-Colonel Spreckley Rhodesia has lost one of its best-known and most popular men, one of the pioneers of British Empire in South Africa. He was the son of Mr. George Spreckley, of Derby, and went out to the Cape in 1885, at the age of twenty. He served through the Matabele War with Baden-Powell, who, in his diary of that campaign, spoke in the highest terms of his pluck and resource. Colonel Spreckley joined Colonel Plumer's force at the outbreak of the war, and was present at the operations before Mafeking and the relief of the town. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Captain Henry Talbot Rickard Lloyd, Royal Marine Light Infantry (H.M.S. *Aurora*), was killed while with Sir Edward Seymour's Naval Brigade at the final assault and capture of the native city of Tientsin on July 14. He was twenty-eight years of

lieutenant in the West India Regiment. Our portrait is by Soame, Oxford.

Private Wilkin, of the 1st Canadian Contingent, and formerly of the Royal Scots, is, it is said, to be recommended for the Victoria Cross. In a letter to Lieutenant-Colonel Ibbotson, written on May 7, at Kimberley, Captain J. C. Gardner, of the 4th Scottish Rifles (the Cameronians), thus describes the gallant action which has won for him recognition on the part of Lord Roberts: "I would like to draw your attention to the exceptional gallantry of two members of your corps, namely, Corporal J. S. Youngson and Private Wilkin, who, at the first fight at Paardeberg, when Captain Arnold, of Manitoba, was shot, and the stretcher section who went to bring him in from the firing line were also shot down, went out under a hellish fire and took Captain Arnold back to a safe place. I think it my duty to bring this to your notice. It is quite worthy of a V.C." Our portrait of Private Wilkin is by Stidworth, Montreal.

General Bruce-Hamilton, who has distinguished himself by capturing General Olivier, joined the East Yorkshire Regiment (the old 15th as was then) in August, 1877. He served in the Afghan War in 1880 with the force under Major-General Phayre. In the Boer War of 1881 he was A.D.C. to Sir George Colley, and was present in the engagement at the Ingogo River, and afterwards he was A.D.C. to Sir Evelyn Wood. He also served in the Burmese Expedition in 1885, in the Ashanti Expedition in 1895, and in the Benin Expedition in 1897, when he commanded the Niger Coast Protectorate Force. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Southsea.



The right-hand corner of Parliament Street, as yet unbuilt upon, is where the suggested improvement might be made
WESTMINSTER ABBEY FROM PARLIAMENT STREET



By removing houses at the left-hand corner a fine view would be gained of the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Bridge approach
WESTMINSTER HALL AND THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT FROM PARLIAMENT STREET



ST. CLEMENT DANE'S CHURCH AS IT NOW APPEARS

The Planting of Trees in London

THE VALUE OF GREEN IN THE STREETS

If one of our readers will take his stand on Waterloo Bridge, and cast his eyes both east and west along the Thames Embankment, he cannot fail to note the great increase of picturesque buildings during the past few years, and the inestimable value of the belt of green trees now flourishing there in giving a most pleasing setting to the picture—a picture which inspires faith in the power of man to make our metropolis a beautiful place to dwell in and worthy of the capital of our Empire.

As the old buildings of London are demolished countless opportunities arise, if seized upon at once, of adding to the beauty and picturesqueness of our streets by the judicious planting of trees, evergreens, and green turf. On the Continent, and especially in Belgium and Germany, the authorities have promptly taken advantage of the demolition and transformation of old quarters to beautify the new thoroughfares in this manner. As an example of what might be done in this direction there is an excellent opportunity for leaving open and unbuilt upon the boldly rounded curve on the right of our first picture of Parliament Street revealing a fine view of Westminster Abbey. Then, at some future time, a similar open space might be made on the left, so as to throw open the view of the Houses of Parliament and the approach to Westminster Bridge. Again, why should not the sides of Parliament Street be planted with a line of trees and a strip of green turf, enclosed by a low railing, of course? Flowers are not necessary, and would spoil the effect. What is wanted is the bright, telling, soft green that our climate can manage well all the year round. There is ample space for such a plantation, and equally so in Portland Place and in many other thoroughfares and junctions of streets. Great opportunities also will be afforded in the Strand with the new street, Waterloo Bridge, and the sweep around St. Clement Danes and the Law Courts. It has been said we can only make drastic improvements by having autocratic powers such as those which Napoleon III. and Baron Haussmann exercised in Paris with such brilliant results, but there is another way more suitable to our habits and customs. A small committee of artists might be formed, with a sufficiently known reputation to gain the confidence of the public, whose business it would be to offer advice or to give it when sought by the Board of Works, County Councils, municipal authorities, or private individuals.

This eye for the picturesque is not a matter of training; it is a gift. There are artists to be found, skilful in composition and arrangement, capable of guessing to a nicety the possibilities of treating an open space to the best advantage. If such a central authority was once formed and recognised the members would certainly be consulted, and then London might be made—what from its position it ought to be—the most attractive city in the world, to the great pecuniary advantage of its citizens and to the comfort of its visitors.

WANTED—A TREE SOCIETY

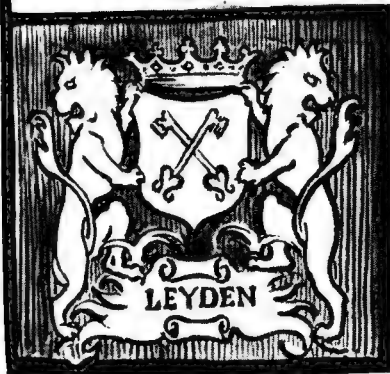
With reference to this question Mr. Ashby-Sterry, who has pleaded eloquently and long for more trees and grass, writes:—"Of late years no small advance has been made in urban arboriculture. Years ago the famous tree at the corner of Wood Street in Cheapside was considered a marvel. The tree still flourishes, though it barely escaped demolition a few months ago, but it is no longer remarkable as a bit of greenery in the midst of a crowded thoroughfare. In recent times, probably since the Embankment was first planted, extraordinary progress has been made in the leafing of London. Some wiseacres said, at the time planes were first introduced by the riverside, that it was waste of energy and money, as the trees would never grow. Time has shown us how utterly wrong were the croakers of a past period. Not only do the trees grow, but they flourish in the most luxuriant fashion. This circumstance should be a distinct encouragement to the tree-planters of the metropolis, and should be an incentive to them to persevere energetically in their good work. They should resolve that no street in London, be it the most important or the most insignificant, should be without its trees, and they should determine that no one could pause in the midst of our great metropolis in summer time without being cheered by the sight of green leaves.

"They may not have accomplished this yet, but they are getting on very rapidly in that direction. Look how the planes flourish in Charing Cross Road, in Trafalgar Square and round and about the neighbourhood. And here especially there is room for the good work to be further advanced. Opposite the National Portrait Gallery there is an arid triangle of pavement which might easily be converted into a pleasant oasis by the planting of ten planes around it, and if a fountain were placed in the centre it would be rendered even more attractive.

"As for the square itself, it is full of picturesque possibilities. Perhaps it is useless to speak of these till a more suitable place is discovered for public meetings and "the finest site in Europe" ceases to be the exercising ground for over-heated orators. But we know what has been done in Leicester Square, and we can imagine what might come to pass in that of Trafalgar. What a delight it would be to see that vast area of stone pavement cleared away and to behold green turf and flower-beds and trees in its place. Think how the fountains could be utilised for watering purposes, and would give us, as a most satisfactory result, the most emerald-tinted grass in London. Figure to yourself what a growth of tender plants might take place under that wall with its southern aspect, especially with the addition of glass shelter. A pleasance, a *rus in urbe* might easily be here produced which would quickly become the joy and pride of London. In aid of urban arboriculture we ought to establish a Tree Society. Each member should have the privilege of planting a tree where he likes, under proper restrictions—there are plenty of people who would be only too glad to have the privilege of planting a tree in front of their own house—at his own expense, he undertaking at the same time to look after it. If such a society were properly organised we should probably have little cause to complain of treeless streets, and the 'Wearing of the Green' might be practically and enthusiastically sung throughout the whole of London."



Illustrated by
JACOMB-HOOD



DEDICATION

"Van de Werff" called to his horse, and the grey began to gain. Montalvo lashed the black stallion, and once more they passed him. But the black was failing, and he saw it, for Lysbeth heard him curse in Spanish."

or three and twenty years of age, dressed in a coat of dark green cloth trimmed with fur, and close-fitting at the waist. This coat opened in front, showing a brodered woollen skirt, but over the bust it was tightly buttoned and surmounted by a stiff ruff of Brussels lace. Upon her head she wore a high-crowned beaver hat, to which the nodding ostrich feather was fastened by a jewelled ornament of sufficient value to show that she was a person of some means. In fact, this lady was the only child of a sea captain and shipowner named Carolus van Hout, who, whilst still a middle-aged man, had died about a year before, leaving her heiress to a very considerable fortune. This circumstance, with the added advantages of a very pretty face, in which were set two deep and thoughtful grey eyes, and a figure more graceful than was common among the Netherlands women, caused Lysbeth van Hout to be much sought after and admired, especially by the marriageable bachelors of Leyden.

On this occasion, however, she was unescorted except by a serving woman somewhat older than herself, a native of Brussels, Greta by name, who in appearance was as attractive as in manner she was suspiciously discreet.

As Lysbeth skated down the canal towards the moat many of the good burghers of Leyden took off their caps to her, especially the young burghers, one or two of whom had hopes that she would choose them to be her cavalier for this day's fête. Some of the elders, also, asked her if she would care to join their party, thinking that, as she was an orphan without near male relations, she might be glad of their protection in times when it was wise for beautiful young women to be protected. With this excuse and that, however, she escaped from them all, for Lys-beth had already made her own arrangements.

At that date there was living in Leyden a young man of four or five and twenty, named Dirk van Goorl, a distant cousin of her own. Dirk was a native of the little town of Alkmaar, and the second son of one of its leading citizens, a brass-founder by trade. In the natural course of events, as the Alkmaar business would descend to his elder brother, his father apprenticed him to a Leyden firm, in which, after eight or nine years' of hard work, he

CHAPTER I.

THE WOLF AND THE BADGER

THE time was in or about the year 1544, when the Emperor Charles V. ruled the Netherlands, and our scene the city of Leyden.

Any one who has visited this pleasant town knows that it lies in the midst of wide, flat meadows, and is intersected by many canals filled with Rhine water. But now, as it was winter, near to Christmas indeed, the meadows and the quaint gabled roofs of the city lay buried beneath a dazzling sheet of snow, while, instead of boats and barges, skaters glided up and down the frozen surface of the canals, which were swept for their convenience. Outside the walls of the town, not far from the Morsch poort, or gate, the surface of the broad moat which surrounded them presented a sight as gay as it was charming. Just here one of the branches of the Rhine ran into this moat, and down it came the pleasure-seekers in sledges, on skates, or afoot. They were dressed, most of them, in their best attire, for the day was a holiday set apart for a kind of skating carnival, with sleighing matches; such games as curling, and other amusements.

Among these merry folk might have been seen a young lady of two

Author's Note

THERE are two ways of writing an historical romance—the first of them, to take some notable and leading characters of the time to be treated of, and attempt to picture them by the help of history, and the other, to make a study of that time and history with the country where it was enacted,

In the present case the author has attempted this second method. By the example of the trials, adventures, and victories of a burgher family of the generation of Philip II. and William the Silent, he strives to set before the people of to-day something of the life of those who lived through, perhaps, the most fearful tyranny that the western world has known. How did they live, one wonders? how is it that they did not die of very terror, those of them who escaped the scaffold, the famine, and the pestilence?

This and another—Why were such things suffered to be?—seem problems worth consideration, especially by the young, who are so apt to take everything for granted, including their own religious freedom and personal security. How often, indeed, do any among us give a grateful thought to the forefathers who won for us these advantages, and many others with them?

The writer has sometimes heard travellers in the Netherlands express surprise that even in an age of universal decoration its noble churches are suffered to remain smeared with melancholy

THE GRAPHIC

314

had become a junior partner. While he was still living, Lysbeth's father had taken a liking to the lad, with the result that he became intimate at the house which, from the first, was open to him as a kinsman. After the death of Carolus van Hout, Dirk had continued to visit there, especially on Sundays, when he was duly and ceremoniously received by Lysbeth's aunt, a childless widow named Clara van Ziel, who acted as her guardian. Thus, by degrees, favoured with such ample opportunity, a strong affection had sprung up between these two young people, although as yet they were not affianced, nor indeed had either of them said a word of open love to the other.

This abstinence may seem strange, but some explanation of their self-restraint was to be found in Dirk's character. In mind he was patient, very deliberate in forming his purposes, and very sure in carrying them out. He felt impulses like other men, but he did not give way to them. For two years or more he had loved Lysbeth, but being somewhat slow at reading the ways of women he was not quite certain that she loved him, and above everything on earth he dreaded a rebuff. Moreover he knew her to be an heiress, and as his own means were still humble, and his expectations from his father small, he did not feel justified in asking her in marriage until his position was more assured. Had the Captain Carolus still been living the case would have been different, for then he could have gone to him. But he was dead, and Dirk's fine and sensitive nature recoiled from the thought that it might be said of him that he had taken advantage of the inexperience of a kinswoman in order to win her fortune. Also deep down in his mind he had a sincerer and quite secret reason for reticence, whereof more in its proper place.

Thus matters stood between these two. This day, however, though only with diffidence and after some encouragement from the lady, he had asked leave to be his cousin's cavalier at the ice fête, and when she consented, readily enough, appointed the moat as their place of meeting. This was somewhat less than Lysbeth expected, for she wished his escort through the town. But, when she hinted as much, Dirk explained that he would not be able to leave the works before three o'clock, as the metal for a large bell had been run into the casting, and he must watch it while it cooled.

So, followed only by her maid Greta, Lysbeth glided lightly as a bird down the ice path on to the moat, and across it, through the narrow cut, to the frozen mere beyond, where the sports were to be held and the races run. There the scene was very beautiful.

Behind her lay the roofs of Leyden, pointed, picturesque, and covered with sheets of snow, while above them towered the bulk of the two great churches of St. Peter and St. Pancras, and the round tower standing on a mound known as the Burg, which is supposed to have been built by the Romans. In front stretched the flat expanse of white meadows, broken here and there by windmills with narrow waists and thin, tall sails, and in the distance by the church towers of other towns and villages.

Immediately before her, in strange contrast to this lifeless landscape, lay the peopled mere, fringed around with dead reeds standing so still in the frosty air that they might have been painted things. On this mere half the population of Leyden seemed to be gathered; at least there were thousands of them, shouting, laughing and skimming to and fro in their bright garments like flocks of gay-plumaged birds. Among them, drawn by horses with bells tied to their harness, glided many sledges of wickerwork and wood mounted upon iron runners, their fore-ends fashioned to quaint shapes, such as the heads of dogs, or bulls, or Tritons. Then there were vendors of cakes and sweetmeats, vendors of spirits also, who did a good trade on this cold day. Beggars too were numerous, and among them deformities, who, nowadays, would be hidden in charitable homes, slid about in wooden boxes, which they pushed along with crutches; while many loafers had gathered there with stools for fine ladies to sit on when the skates were bound to their pretty feet, and chapmen with these articles for sale and straps wherewith to fasten them. To complete the picture the huge red ball of the sun was sinking to the west, while opposite to it the pale full moon began already to gather light and life.

The scene seemed so charming and so happy that Lysbeth, who was young, and now that she had recovered from the shock of her beloved father's death, light-hearted, ceased her forward movement and poised herself upon her skates to watch it for a space. While she stood thus a little apart, a woman came towards her from the throng, not as though she were seeking her, but aimlessly, much as a child's toy boat is driven by light, contrary winds upon the summer surface of a pond.

She was a remarkable-looking woman of about thirty-five years of age, tall and bony in make, with deep-set eyes, light grey of colour, that seemed now to flash fiercely and now to waver, as though in memory of some great dread. From beneath a coarse woollen cap a wisp of grizzled hair fell across the forehead, where it lay like the forelock of a horse. Indeed, the high cheekbones, scarred as though by burns, wide-spread nostrils and prominent white teeth, from which the lips had strangely sunk away, gave the whole countenance a more or less equine look which this falling lock seemed to heighten. For the rest the woman was poorly and not too plentifully clad in a gown of black woollen, torn and stained as though with long use and journeys, while on her feet she wore wooden clogs, to which were strapped skates that were not fellows, one being much longer than the other.

Opposite to Lysbeth this strange, gaunt person stopped, contemplating her with a dreamy eye. Presently she seemed to recognise her, for she said in a quick, low voice, the voice of one who lives in terror of being overheard:—

"That's a pretty dress of yours, Van Hout's daughter. Oh, yes, I know you; your father used to play with me when I was a child, and once he kissed me on the ice at just such a fête as this. Think of it! Kissed me, Martha the Mare," and she laughed hoarsely, then went on: "Yes, well warmed and well fed, and, without doubt, waiting for a gallant to kiss you"—here she turned and waved her hand towards the people—"all well-warmed and well-fed, and all with lovers and husbands and children to kiss. But I tell you, Van Hout's daughter, as I have dared to creep from my hiding hole in the great lake to tell all of them who will listen, that unless they cast out the cursed Spaniard, a day shall come when the folk of Leyden must perish by thousands of hunger behind those walls. Yes, yes, unless they cast out the cursed Spaniard and his Inquisition. Oh, I know him, I know him, for did they not make

me carry my own husband to the stake upon my back? And have you heard why, Van Hout's daughter? Because what I had suffered in their torture-dens had made my face—yes, mine that once was so beautiful—like the face of a horse, and they said that 'a horse ought to be ridden.'"

Now, while this poor excited creature, one of a whole class of such people who in those sad days might be found wandering about the Netherlands crazy with their griefs and sufferings, and living only for revenge, poured out these broken sentences, Lysbeth, terrified, shrank back before her. As she shrank the other followed, till presently Lysbeth saw her expression of rage and hate change to one of terror. In another instant, muttering something about a request for alms which she did not wait to receive, the woman had wheeled round and fled away as fast as her skates would carry her—which was very fast indeed.

Turning about to find what had frightened her, Lysbeth saw standing on the bank of the mere, so close that she must have overheard every word, but behind the screen of a leafless bush, a tall, forbidding-looking woman, who held in her hand some brodered caps which apparently she was offering for sale. These caps she began slowly to fold up and place one by one in a hide satchel that was hung about her shoulders. All this while she was watching Lysbeth with her keen black eyes, except when from time to time she took them off her to follow the flight of that person who had called herself the Mare.

"You keep ill company, lady," said the cap-seller in a harsh voice.

"It was none of my seeking," answered Lysbeth, astonished into making a reply.

"So much the better for you, lady, although she seemed to know you and to know also that you would listen to her song. Unless my eyes deceived me, which is not often, that woman is an evil-doer and a worker of magic like her dead husband Van Muyden; a heretic, a blasphemer of the Holy Church, a traitor to our Lord the Emperor, and one," she added with a snarl, "with a price upon her head that before night will, I hope, be in Black Meg's pocket." Then, walking with long, firm steps towards a fat man who seemed to be waiting for her, the tall, black-eyed pedlar passed with him into the throng, where Lysbeth lost sight of them.

Lysbeth watched them go, and shivered. To her knowledge she had never seen this woman before, but she knew enough of the times they lived in to be sure that she was a spy of the priests. Already there were many such creatures moving about in every gathering, yes, and in many a private place, who were paid to obtain evidence against suspected heretics. Whether they won it by fair means or by foul mattered not, provided they could find something, and it need be little indeed, to justify the Inquisition in getting to its work.

As for the other woman, the Mare, doubtless she was one of those wicked outcasts, accursed by God and man, who were called heretics; people who said dreadful things about the Pope and the Church and God's priests, having been misled and stirred up thereto by a certain fiend in human form named Luther. Lysbeth shuddered at the thought and crossed herself, for in those days she was an excellent Catholic. Yet the wanderer said that she had known her father, so that she must be as well born as herself—and then that dreadful story—no, she could not bear to think of it. But of course heretics deserved all these things; of that there could be no doubt whatever, for had not her father confessor told her that thus alone might their souls be saved from the grasp of the Evil One?

The thought was comforting, still Lysbeth felt upset, and not a little rejoiced when she saw Dirk van Goorl skating towards her accompanied by another young man, also a cousin of her own on her mother's side, who was destined in days to come to earn himself an immortal renown—young Pieter van de Werff. The two took off their bonnets to her, Dirk van Goorl revealing in the act a head of fair hair beneath which his steady blue eyes shone in a rather thick-set, self-contained face. Lysbeth's temper, always somewhat quick, was ruffled, and she showed it in her manner.

"I thought, cousins, that we were to meet at three, and the kirk clock yonder has just chimed half-past," she said, addressing them both, but looking—not too sweetly—at Dirk van Goorl.

"That's right, cousin," answered Pieter, a pleasant-faced and alert young man, "look at *him*, scold *him*, for he is to blame. Ever since a quarter past two have I—I who must drive a sledge in the great race and am backed to win—been waiting outside that factory in the snow, but, upon my honour, he did not appear until seven minutes since. Yes, we have done the whole distance in seven minutes, and I call that very good skating."

"I thought as much," said Lysbeth. "Dirk can only keep an appointment with a church bell or a stadhuis chandelier."

"It was not my fault," broke in Dirk in his slow voice; "I have my business to attend. I promised to wait until the metal had cooled sufficiently, and hot bronze takes no account of ice-parties and sledge races."

"So I suppose that you stopped to blow on it, cousin. Well, the result is that, being quite unescorted, I have been obliged to listen to things which I did not wish to hear."

"What do you mean?" asked Dirk, taking fire at once.

Then she told them something of what the woman who called herself the Mare had said to her, adding, "Doubtless the poor creature is a heretic and deserves all that has happened to her. But it is dreadfully sad, and I came here to enjoy myself, not to be sad."

Between the two young men there passed a glance which was full of meaning. But it was Dirk who spoke. The other, more cautious, remained silent.

"Why do you say that, Cousin Lysbeth?" he asked in a new voice, a voice thick and eager. "Why do you say that she deserves all that can happen to her? I have heard of this poor creature who is called Mother Martha, or the Mare, although I have never seen her myself. She was noble-born, much better born than any of us three, and very fair—once they called her the Lily of Brussels—whereas she was the Vrouw van Muyden, and she has suffered dreadfully, for one reason only, because she and hers did not worship God as you worship Him."

"As we worship Him," broke in Van de Werff with a cough.

"No," answered Dirk sullenly, "as our Cousin Lysbeth van Hout worships Him. For that reason only they killed her husband and her little son, and drove her mad, so that she lives among the reeds of the Haarlemer Mere like a beast in its den; yes, they, the Spaniards and their Spanish priests, as I daresay, that they will kill us also."

"Don't you think that it is getting rather cold standing here?" interrupted Pieter van de Werff before she could answer. "Look, the sledge races are just beginning. Come, cousin, give me your hand," and, taking Lysbeth by the arm, he skated off into the throng, followed at a distance by Dirk and the serving-maid Greta.

"Cousin," he whispered as he went, "this is not my place, it is Dirk's place, but I pray you, as you love him—I beg your pardon—as you esteem a worthy relative—do not enter into a religious argument with him here in this public place, where even the ice and sky are two great cars. It is not safe, little cousin. I swear to you that it is not safe."

In the centre of the mere the great event of the day, the sledge races, were now in progress. As the competitors were many these must be run in heats, the winners of each heat standing on one side to compete in the final contest. Now these victors had a pretty prerogative not unlike that accorded to certain dancers in the cotillion of modern days. Each driver of a sledge was bound to carry a passenger in the little car in front of him, his own place being on the seat behind, whence he directed the horse by means of reins supported upon an iron guide-bar so fashioned that it lifted them above the head of the traveller in the car. This passenger he could choose from among the number of ladies who were present at the games; unless, indeed, the gentleman in charge of her chose to deny him in set form; namely, by stepping forward and saying in the appointed phrase, "No, for this happy hour she is mine."

Among the winners of these heats was a certain Spanish officer, the Count Don Juan de Montalvo, who, as it chanced, in the absence on leave of his captain, was at that date the commander of the garrison at Leyden. He was a man still young, only about thirty indeed, reported to be of noble birth, and handsome in the usual Castilian fashion. That is to say, he was tall, of a graceful figure, dark-eyed, strong-featured, with a somewhat humorous expression, and of very good if exaggerated address. As he had but recently come to Leyden, very little was known there of this attractive cavalier beyond that he was well spoken of by the priests and, according to report, a favourite with the Emperor. Also the ladies admired him much.

For the rest everything about him was handsome like his person, as might be expected in the case of a man reputed to be as rich as he was noble. Thus his sledge was shaped and coloured to resemble a great black wolf rearing itself up to charge. The wooden head was covered in wolf-skin and adorned by eyes of yellow glass and great fangs of ivory, while round its neck ran a gilded collar hung with a silver shield, whereon were painted the arms of the owner, a knight striking the chains from off a captive Christian saint, and the motto of the Montalvos, "Trust to God and me." His black horse, too, of the best breed, imported from Spain, glittered in harness decorated with gilding, and bore a splendid plume of dyed feathers rising from the head-band.

Lysbeth happened to be standing near to the spot where this gallant had halted after his first victory. She was in the company of Dirk van Goorl alone—for as he was the driver of one of the competing sledges, her other cousin, Pieter van de Werff, had now been summoned away. Having nothing else to do at the moment, she approached and not unnaturally admired this glittering equipage, although in truth it was the sledge and the horse rather than their driver which attracted her attention. As for the Count himself she knew him slightly, having been introduced to and danced a measure with him at a festival given by a grandee of the town. On that occasion he was courteous to her in the Spanish fashion, rather too courteous, she thought, but as this was the manner of Castilian dons when dealing with burgher maidens she paid no more attention to the matter.

The Captain Montalvo saw Lysbeth among the throng and recognised her, for he lifted his plumed hat and bowed to her with just that touch of condescension which in those days a Spaniard showed when greeting one whom he considered his inferior. In the sixteenth century it was understood that all the world were the inferiors to those whom God had granted to be born in Spain, the English who rated themselves at a valuation of their own—an inferior careful to announce the fact—alone excepted.

An hour or so later, after the last heat had been run, a steward of the ceremonies called aloud to the remaining competitors to select their passengers and prepare for the final contest. Accordingly each Jehu, leaving his horse in charge of an attendant, stepped up to some young lady who evidently was waiting for him, and led her by the hand to his sledge. While Lysbeth was watching this ceremony with amusement—for these selections were always understood to show a strong preference on behalf of the chooser for the chosen—she was astonished to hear a well-trained voice addressing her, and, on looking up, to see Don Juan de Montalvo bowing almost to the ice.

"Señora," he said in Castilian, a tongue which Lysbeth understood well enough, although she only spoke it when obliged, "unless my ears deceived me, I heard you admiring my horse and sledge. Now, with the permission of your cavalier," and he bowed courteously to Dirk, "I name you as my passenger for the great race, knowing that you will bring me fortune. Have I your leave, Señor?"

Now if there was a people on earth whom Dirk van Goorl hated, the Spaniards were that people, and if there lived a cavalier whom he preferred should not take his cousin Pieter for a lonely drive, that cavalier was the Count Juan de Montalvo. But as a young man, Dirk was singularly diffident and so easily confused that on the spur of the moment it was quite possible for a person of address to make him say what he did not mean. Thus, on the present occasion, when he saw this courtly Spaniard bowing low to him, a humble Dutch tradesman, he was overwhelmed, and mumbled in reply, "Certainly, certainly."

If a glance could have withered him, without doubt Dirk would immediately have shrivelled to nothing. To say that Lysbeth was angry is too little, for in truth she was absolutely furious. She did not like this Spaniard, and hated the idea of a long interview with him alone. Moreover, she knew that among her fellow townspeople there was a great desire that the Count should not win this race, which in its own fashion was the event of the year, whereas, if she appeared as his companion it would be supposed that she was anxious for his success. Lastly—and this was the chiefest sore—although in theory the competitors had a right to ask anyone to whom they took a fancy to travel in their sledges, in practice they only sought the company of young women with whom they were on

the best of terms, and who were already warned of their intention.

In an instant these thoughts flashed through her mind, but all she did was to murmur something about the Heer van Goor!

"Has already given his consent, like an unselfish gentleman," broke in Captain Juan, tendering her his hand.

Now, without absolutely making a scene, which then, as to-day, ladies considered an ill-bred thing to do, there was no escape, since half Leyden gathered at these "sledge choosings," and many eyes were on her and the Count. Therefore, because she must, Lysbeth took the proffered hand, and was led to the sledge, catching, as she passed to it through the throng, more than one sour look from the men and more than one exclamation of surprise, real or affected, on the lips of the ladies of her acquaintance. These manifestations, however, put her upon her mettle. So determining that at least she would not look sullen or ridiculous, she began to enter into the spirit of the adventure, and smiled graciously while the Captain Montalvo wrapped a magnificent apron of wolfskins about her knees.

When all was ready her charioteer took the reins and settled himself upon the little seat behind the sledge, which was then led into line by a soldier servant.

"Where is the course, Señor?" Lysbeth asked, hoping that it would be a short one.

But in this she was to be disappointed, for he answered:

"Up to the little Quarkel Mere, round the island in the middle of it, and back to this spot, something over a league in all. Now, Señora, speak to me no more at present, but hold fast and have no fear, for at least I drive well, and my horse is sure-footed and roughed for ice. This is a race that I would give a hundred gold pieces to win, since your countrymen, who contend against me, have sworn that I shall lose it, and I tell you at once, Señora, that grey horse will press me hard."

Following the direction of his glance, Lysbeth's eye lit upon the next sledge. It was small, fashioned and painted to resemble a grey badger—that silent, stubborn, and, if molested, savage brute, which will not lose its grip until the head is hacked from off its body. The horse, which matched it well in colour, was of Flemish breed; rather a raw-boned animal, with strong quarters and an ugly head, but renowned in Leyden for its courage and staying power. What interested Lysbeth most, however, was to discover that the charioteer was none other than Pieter van de Werff, though now when she thought of it, she remembered he had told her that his sledge was named the Badger. In his choice of passenger she noted, too, not without a smile, that he showed his cautious character, disdainful of any immediate glory, so long as the end in view could be attained. For there in the sledge sat no fine young lady, leeked out in brave attire, who might be supposed to look at him with tender eyes, but a little fair-haired mite, aged nine, who was, in fact, his sister. As he explained afterwards, the rules provided that a lady passenger must be carried, but said nothing of her age and weight.

Now the competitors, eight of them, were in a line, and the master of the course, coming forward, in a voice that everyone might hear, called out the conditions of the race and the prize for which it was to be run, a splendid glass goblet engraved with the cross-keys, the Arms of Leyden. This done, after asking if all were ready, he dropped a little flag, whereon the horses were loosed and away they went.

Before a minute had passed, forgetting all her doubts and annoyances, Lysbeth was lost in the glorious excitement of the moment. Like birds in the heavens, cleaving the keen, crisp air, they sped forward over the smooth ice. The gay throng vanished, the dead reeds and stark bushes seemed to fly away from them. The only sounds in their ears were the rushing of the wind, the swish of the iron runners, and the hollow tapping of the hooves of their galloping horses. Certain sledges drew ahead in the first burst, but the Wolf and the Badger were not among these. The Count de Montalvo was holding in his black stallion, and as yet the grey Flemish gelding looped along with a constrained and awkward stride. When, passing from the little mere, they entered the straight of the canal, these two were respectively fourth and fifth. Up the course they sped, through a deserted, snow-clad country, past the church of the village of Alkemaade. Now, half a mile or more away appeared the Quarkel Mere, and in the centre of it the island which they must turn. They reached it, they were round it, and when their faces were once more set homewards, Lysbeth noted that the Wolf and the Badger were third and fourth in the race, someone having dropped behind. Half a mile more and they were second and third; another half mile and they were first and second with perhaps a mile to go. Then the fight began.

Yard by yard the speed increased, and yard by yard the black stallion drew ahead. Now in front of them lay a furlong or more of bad ice encumbered with lumps of frozen snow that had not been cleared away, which caused the sledge to shake and jump as it struck. Lysbeth looked round.

"The Badger is coming up," she said.

Montalvo heard, and for the first time laid his whip upon the haunches of his horse, which answered gallantly. But still the Badger came up. The grey was the stronger beast, and had begun to put out his strength. Presently his ugly head was behind them, for Lysbeth felt the breath from his nostrils blowing on her, and saw their steam. Then it was past, for the steam blew back into her face; yes, and she could see the eager eyes of the child in the grey sledge. Now they were neck

and neck, and the rough ice was done with. Six hundred yards away, not more, lay the goal, and all about them, outside the line of the course, were swift skaters travelling so fast that their heads were bent forward and down to within three feet of the ice.

Van de Werff called to his horse, and the grey began to gain. Montalvo lashed the black stallion, and once more they passed him. But the black was failing, and he saw it, for Lysbeth heard him curse in Spanish. Then of a sudden, after a cunning glance at his adversary, the Count pulled upon the left rein, and a shrill voice rose upon the air, the voice of the little girl in the other sledge.

"Take care, brother," it cried, "he will overthrow us."

True enough, in another moment the black would have struck the grey sideways. Lysbeth saw Van de Werff rise from his seat and throw his weight backward, dragging the grey on to his haunches. By an inch—not more—the Wolf sledge missed the gelding. Indeed, one runner of it struck his hoof, and the high woodwork of the side brushed and cut his nostril.

"A foul, a foul!" yelled the skaters, and it was over. Once more they were speeding forward, but now the black had a lead of at least ten yards, for the grey must find his stride again. They were in the straight; the course was lined with hundreds of witnesses, and from the throats of everyone of them arose a great cry, or rather two cries.

"The Spaniard, the Spaniard wins!" said the first cry, that was answered by another and a deeper roar.

"No, Hollander, the Hollander! The Hollander comes up!"

Then in the midst of that fierce excitement—bred of the excitement perhaps—some curious spell fell upon the mind of Lysbeth. The race, its details, its objects, its surroundings faded away; these

physical things were gone, and in place of them was present a dream, a spiritual interpretation such as the omens and influences of the times she lived in might well inspire. What did she seem to see?

She saw the Spaniard and the Hollander striving for victory, but not a victory of horses. She saw the black Spanish Wolf, at first triumphant, outmatch the Netherland Badger. Still, the Badger, the dogged Dutch Badger, held on.

"Who would win?" The fierce beast or the patient beast? Who would be master in this fight? There was death in it. Look, the whole snow was red, the roofs of Leyden were red, and red the heavens; in the deep hues of the sunset they seemed bathed in blood, while about her the shouts of the backers and factions transformed themselves into a fierce cry as of battling peoples. All voices mingled in that cry—voices of hope, of agony, and of despair; but she could not interpret them. Something told her that the interpretation and the issue were in the mind of God alone.

Perhaps she swooned, perhaps she slept and dreamed this dream; perhaps the sharp rushing air overcame her. At the least her eyes closed and her mind gave way. When they opened and it returned again their sledge was rushing past the winning post. Put in front of it travelled another sledge, drawn by a gaunt grey horse, which galloped so hard that its belly seemed to lie upon the ice, a horse driven by a young man whose face was set like steel and whose lips were as the lips of a trap.

"Could that be the face of her cousin Pieter van de Werff, and, if so, what passion had stamped that strange seal thereon?" She turned herself in her seat and looked at him who drove her.

Was this a man, or was it a spirit escaped from doom? Blessed Mother of Christ! what a countenance! The eyeballs starting and upturned, nothing but the white of them to be seen; the lips curled, and between two lines of shining fangs; the lifted points of the mustachios touching the high cheekbones. No—no, it was neither a spirit nor a man; she knew now what it was; it was the very type and incarnation of the Spanish Wolf.

Once more she seemed to faint, while in her ears there rang the cry—"The Hollander! Outstayed! Outstayed! Conquered is the accursed Spaniard!"

Then Lysbeth knew that it was over, and for a third time the faintness overpowered her.

(To be continued)



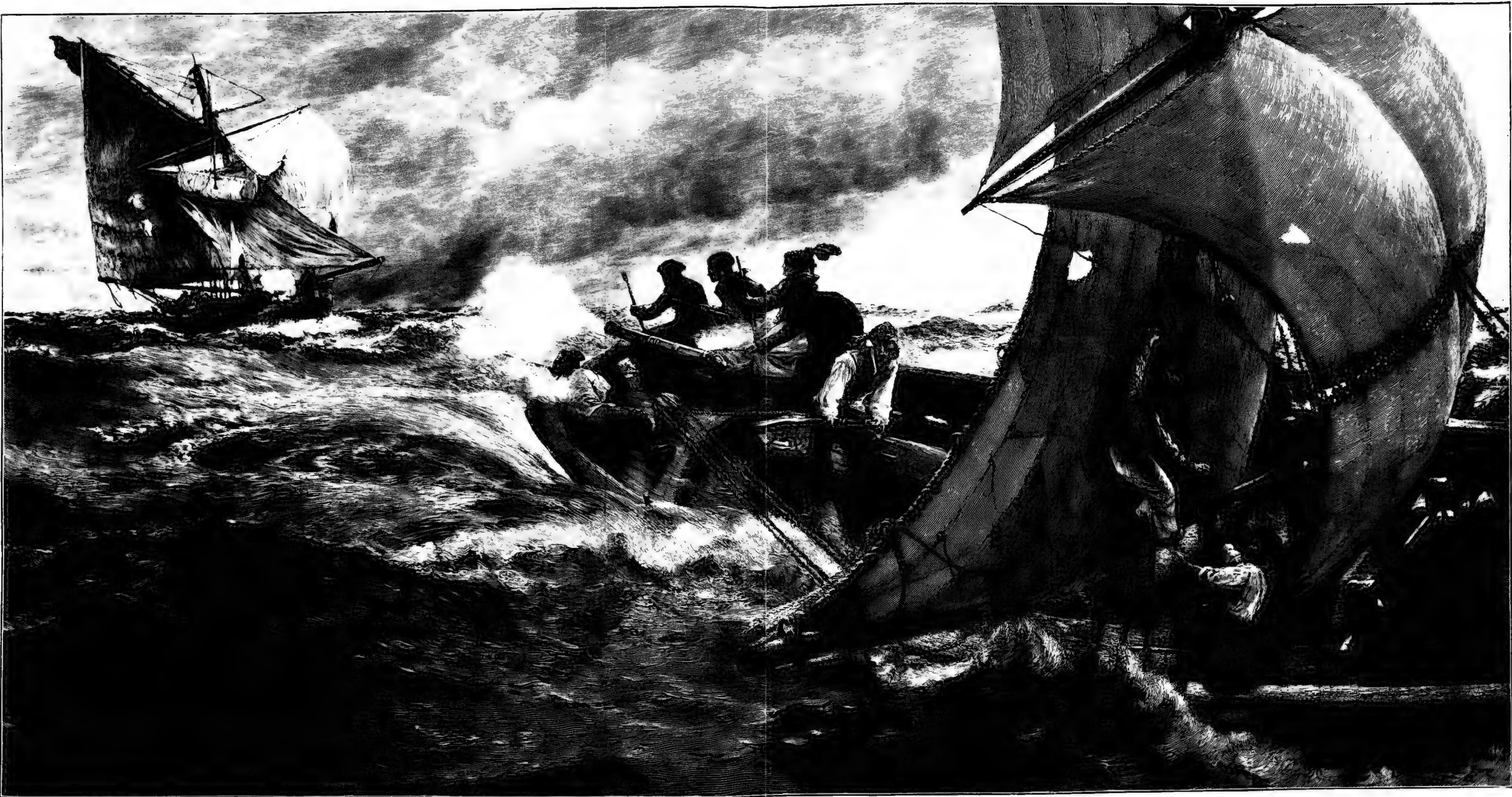
Walking costume for the early autumn of tomato-red herringbone frieze. The skirt, with pleated front panel, is trimmed at the foot with velvet of a darker shade, the upper edge of which is cut in scallops on which is laid a narrow silk galon of a lighter shade. The bolero, which is the very latest cut, is on which is laid a narrow waist-belt fastened to the fronts on either side by an enamelled button. The shirt is of thick cream silk serge, with a frilled front and turned-down silk collar, with which button. The bolero is kept in place by narrow cord fastenings, which button on a black satin bow cravat is worn. The bolero is of the same velvet trimmed with wings of crinkled ribbon of a darker shade and a bunch of mountain ash berries at the side.

A WALKING COSTUME

New Arrivals at the "Zoo"

VISITORS to the Zoological Gardens just now have several notable novelties to attract their attention. The finest inhabitants of the Lion House are the magnificent pair of tigers, which were presented a month or two since, and have not yet quite acquired that polish and urbanity which comes with long residence in the "Zoo." They are splendid specimens though, with a picturesque suggestion of ferocity, and among the finest animals the Society has ever possessed. In point of public interest, though, they come second to Mr. Rhodes's lioness, which, unabashed by the scant courtesy with which President Kruger treated her, has made herself thoroughly at home. She is all good nature and well built, her only blemish being that her ears have been clipped—why, it would be hard to say. She comes readily to the bars of her cage to be fondled, and seems to arouse some interest in the young lion next door, whose attitude towards keepers is by no means so friendly. Mr. Rhodes, they say, used to keep this lioness like a dog on a collar and chain, but she was younger then; now, when she has a physique suggesting about two years' growth, she has to submit to, and takes very kindly to, closer confinement. Lions, it is interesting to know, are almost a drug in the market at the present time. So much has the opening up of Africa done for the animal trade. A more interesting newcomer is the young female Polar bear. For some time now the Polar bear has paced a solitary den, but the other day one noticed a small cage lashed to the bars of the famous den, and the dingy white monster had ceased his perambulations and was talking in undertones to the lady from over the sea. She for her part looked anxious and worried, as though a trifle uncertain whether to make friends in this haphazard fashion with a complete stranger; but the Zoo does not offer a wide choice of friendships to Polar bears, and there seemed every prospect that the two would eventually come to an understanding and pace that chilly den together. Exiles have to dispense with introductions at times, and though the companion offered may not be the particular companion either would have chosen, it affords an escape from a solitude which may be mind-destroying—even to animals.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.—The "Anglo-Saxon Guide to the Exhibition" (Boat and Son), which is the English guide sold at the official bookstalls inside the Exhibition, is edited by E. Bernard, and contains admirable plans of Paris and of the various sections of the Exhibition and several illustrations. "Conty's Guide to the Paris Exhibition" is issued by Conty's Guides Office, and is uniform with the well-known handbooks published by that firm. "Black's Guide to Paris—Exhibition Edition" (A. and C. Black), will be found a very useful book, especially by cyclists, for whom there is provided a supplement describing the principal roads and places passed through from the Channel Coast to Paris. It is systematically arranged and contains good maps.



"SMUGGLERS"—"TO SAVE THEIR NECKS"

FROM THE PAINTING BY C. NAPIER HEMY, A.R.A., EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY

THROUGH THE NINETEENTH CENTURY—XV.

LADIES' FASHIONS

By JOSEPH GREGO



AFTERNOON DRESS, 1800



WALKING DRESS, FULL DRESS, 1804



MORNING AND EVENING DRESS, 1809



FASHIONS AFTER WATERLOO: WALKING DRESS, 1817



WALKING DRESS AND MORNING DRESS, 1836

with the armpits, short sleeves, caps of infantine shapes or jockey caps formed the headdress; the feet shod with low shoes, innocent of heels, and secured with sandals. In winter furs were wrapped around the forms of the shivering fair. Truly primitive toilettes distinguished Parisian belles, their fair English sisters adopting much the same style, with certain native additions, such as are shown in the fashion plates for 1800 and 1804—pretty fashions, too, but perhaps hardly suited for uncertain climates and out-of-door exertions. With the dawn of the Empire the costume followed the antique models, and lengthy shawls, in narrow folds, the ends embroidered in classic patterns, began to play conspicuous parts. Bonnets of the gauziest materials were enlarging their elevations and circumferences, and sun bonnets to shade the face were concealing the features of the fair wearers masquerading as the fashionable "invisibles," whose eccentricities supplied the caricaturists with topics for popular satire. Head-coverings partook of the funnel form, other of the high strawberry-pottle shape, while the coal-scuttle orders of straw bonnets were advancing in favour. Skirts were shortening, displaying the daintily shod feet. Long gloves and mittens were revived; feathers grew into amazing popularity. From the fashion plates of 1809 and 1812 it will be seen the waistband was gradually lowering. Lord Spencer had started a sort of tailless coat, ending at the waist, to be worn by men over their other coats; this garment, adapted to feminine requirements, also known as a "Spencer," described in Paris as *un cancan*, was worn as the body



EVENING DRESS, 1812



SUMMER WALKING DRESS, 1822



MORNING PROMENADE DRESS, 1825



PROMENADE DRESS, 1830

costume and irresponsible frivolities, shortly followed by the Consulate and Empire, when the fair sex in their outward guise consistently emulated their early sisters of antique Greece and Imperial Rome. Such were the fashions, emanating from Paris, which were followed by English belles with modest modifications.

The year 1800 was ushered in amidst primitive surroundings, the fashionable fair had achieved the acme of innocent toilettes, the prevailing colour virginal white, the robes of simple muslin, plain, sprigged, or embroidered; the quality of the finest, the quantity scant; the waistband struggling upwards in efforts to attain a level

of the dress. For headgear the bonnet-builders turned to masculine models, tall hats copied from male "high toppers" found favour, martial helmets were adapted, such as hussar caps, busbies of the guards, lancers' hour-glass helmets, and similar metamorphosed varieties were adopted as to form, and overloaded with feminine

adornments, plumes of feathers, panaches, cockades, bows, and floral trimmings. Tucks, laced and vandyked edgings, and tiny flounces began to be introduced round the lower extremity of skirts to relieve the straight-down monotony; these began to expand as to fullness and the skirts were further shortened to fall just above the ankle. During the great campaigning days, which ended with Waterloo, the martial model extended to "bodies," "Spencers," and skirts,

the centre to fall over the face, came into popular vogue. The influences described by Captain Gronow worked both ways, for the "Spencers" worn by the fair English visitors were adopted by the *Parisiennes*, while British belles appeared *à la mode de Paris*; trimmings, pipings, puffings, slashings, ornate edgings, and "vandykings" grew in favour; the abbreviated skirts assumed bell-shaped fullness; the details of trimmings, more elaborate than ever, were

hoops attained inordinate development, and sweeping trains followed in their wake. After the Imperial *régime* modifications gradually supervened; the fronts of dresses assumed straighter and less over-flowing lines, and the amplitude was confined to the back in the early "seventies"; the circular crinoline was converted into the amenities of the "wiggle-waggle" of the "Girls of the Period" era, with amplitude of draped skirts and ground-sweeping



PROMENADE COSTUME, 1848

which were braided, befrogged, and "bobbed" with "Brandenbours," cords, loops, tags, *aiguillettes*, *sabretaches* and the like military trimmings at that time in vogue.

With the fall of Napoleon and the restoration of the Bourbons, fashion took fresh flights, and on this point we must refer to the observations recorded by Captain Gronow, writing as an eye-witness, and set down in his chatty "Reminiscences." "There is no more ordinary illusion belonging to humanity than that which enables us to discover, in the fashions of the day, an elegance and comeliness of dress which a few years after we ourselves regard as odious caricatures of costumes. Thousands of oddly dressed English flocked to Paris immediately after the war. I remember that the burden of one of the popular songs of the day was 'All the World's in Paris,' and our countrymen and women, having so long been excluded from French modes, had adopted fashions of their own quite as remarkable and eccentric as those of the Parisians, and much less graceful. British beauties were dressed in long, straight pelisses of various colours; the body of the dress was never of the same colour as the skirt, and the bonnet was of the beehive shape and very small."



WALKING COSTUME, 1880

The Emperor of Russia, with his sister the Duchess of Oldenburg, after the fall of the Empire, visited Paris and London. With the customary mania for novelty, the ladies adopted the fashions of the latest arrivals, and the "Oldenburg Bonnet," which was of the ample coal-scuttle helmet form, bent down with a deep droop in



FASHIONS IN 1859

carried out to perfection with a finish and dexterity of needle-workmanship creditable to the millinery of the time—from 1818 to 1838.

We give the fashion plates for 1822 and 1825 as typical of the



MORNING DRESS, 1860

developments of fashion which distinguished feminine taste at the height of the mode, culminating about 1830, when the fair sisterhood were arrayed in all the glory of huge "picture hats" of imposingly extravagant proportions, of bizarre circumference, with accommodation for parterres of flowers, forests of bows, pyramidal plumes, and panaches of feathers, drooping bird-of-paradise tails, and all that bonnet-builders' ingenuity could suggest; the width across the shoulders correspondingly amplified by capes, *fichus*, collars, leg-of-mutton sleeves, bishop's sleeves, and the like, extensively wadded and puffed out; the waist at its neatest; the bell-like skirts amply spreading, but at the shortest showing the tops of the *bottines*, or terminating above the sandals, which secured the tiny slippers. The hair was built up to abnormal heights, with towers of curls, bows, tresses, and locks, interspersed with fluttering ribands and sprays of flowers; bonnets were built upon lines to accommodate this mode. The early Victorian bonnet, familiar as adorning the early portraits of the gracious Princess, first came into favour about 1833. Costume assumed looser, fuller, and more flowing lines about the same time, as illustrated in the fashion plate for 1836; flounces were rising in height and amplitude, and towards the close of the Louis Philippe era the fashions were foreshadowing the coming modes, which reached their meridian during the Presidency of Louis Napoleon. With the Second Empire fashionable costume assumed a flourishing supremacy under the auspices of the Empress Eugénie; through the "fifties" and "sixties" the era of crinoline reigned paramount, when the fair portion of creation, by unwarrantable extension of skirts, filled an unfair share of superficial space in the fashionable world. Extended



MORNING DRESS, 1860

trains, lending the wearers a lop-sided lack of proportion in the rear; the camel-like hump, prey of caricaturists, subsided in the "mid-seventies," when far-reaching trains trailed farther than ever under the *Frou-Frou* era, until the "eighties" introduced the epoch of tightly tied-in dresses, which, while of fairly reasonable length for walking, constrained the free carriage of fair promenaders, and made walking less graceful and more difficult as the fashion tightened its grip.

In the "mid-eighties" an easier amplitude came as a reaction, the "Dolly Varden" school flourished, and "pretty costumes" became a speciality. The concluding decade of the nineteenth century has, it may be assumed, avoided the somewhat excessive vagaries of former epochs; some efforts have gone to revive the extravagances of the "thirties," and successive "costume dresses" have lent plentiful variety to the "confections" of the *costumier*; adaptations of various past phases have tempered the efforts at originality, though the prevailing well-worn text has been the axiomatic phrase, "*La Mode est un perpétuel recommencement*." A careful review of the fashions of the last decade proves that the era of "selection" has been reached; past styles—when advanced into passing favour—have been tempered by the improved taste of the present generation, hitherto successfully resisting the conspicuous extremes of *La Mode*, to which at intervals the fair have fallen



WALKING COSTUME, 1885

victims. Dame Fashion, it may be, has sown her wild oats, after astonishing vagaries in the past, and is allowing the nineteenth century to wind up in reasonably rational disposition as regards the all-absorbing question of becoming wear for the fairer portion of creation.



DRAWN BY J. J. WAUGH

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CAPTAIN P. C. VIGORS

When Sir Redvers Buller's force reached Laing's Nek it was found that the Boers had tried to blow up the tunnel before retreating. As a matter of fact, only the entrances to the tunnel were injured, and our

Engineers were at once set to work to repair the damage. Our illustration shows them at work at the northern end of the tunnel

MAKING GOOD DAMAGE DONE BY THE BOERS AT LAING'S NEK



DRAWN BY GORDON BROWNE, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY AGNES M. JOHNSTON

Tommy in his "hours of ease" in the hospital is not difficult to manage, but is always ready to amuse himself. Our illustration shows how a man with a badly injured leg spent a happy afternoon in the base hospital at Pietermaritzburg

IN HOSPITAL AT PIETERMARITZBURG: AN ARTIST IN PLASTER OF PARIS



The grave here shown is that of Captain D. R. Younger, Gordon Highlanders, in the cemetery at Krugersdorp. Captain Younger was mortally wounded at the battle of Wolkraantz in a magnificent attempt to save the guns. Twice he led out a brave band of men amid a fearful murderous fire, and on a second attempt fell beside the guns wounded (mortally) in three places.

A HERO'S GRAVE AT KRUGERSDORP



Corporal McKay, who is here shown cutting a bandage, greatly distinguished himself at the battle of Doornkop by carrying wounded to safe places and coolly dressing their wounds, whilst he himself was exposed to a fearful fire. He was recommended for the V.C. Corporal McKay, on July 11, at the battle of Wolkraantz, seeing Captain Younger lying wounded beside the guns exposed to certain death from the enemy's marksmen, went out alone and carried the Captain to a place of safety. Corporal McKay was again recommended for the V.C., which he has just received.

A CORPORAL WHO HAS WON THE V.C.



In the battle of Doornkop, near Johannesburg, the Gordon Highlanders bore the brunt of the fighting. Lieutenant-General Ian Hamilton found the enemy posted with artillery. The British attacked at once. The 1st Battalion Gordon Highlanders on the right captured one end of a ridge, and wheeling round cleared it of the enemy in spite of an obstinate resistance. Our illustration, which is from a photograph by a British officer, shows the men of the Gordons enjoying a luxurious wash after their day's work.

AFTER THE BATTLE OF DOORNIKOP: THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS ENJOYING A WASH



This photograph, which we have received from a British officer, shows that the 1st Battalion Gordon Highlanders serving with General Ian Hamilton have not been forgotten by their friends at home. The snapshot was taken while the parcels of warm clothing sent out from this country were being distributed.

OUT OF SIGHT, BUT NOT OUT OF MIND

"Sport in War"

"SPORT IN WAR" (Heinemann) consists of a series of articles by Major-General Baden-Powell, reprinted from the *Badminton Magazine*. The first of these, "Sport in War," deals with Rhodesia during the Matabele Campaign, when, in addition to hunting game, the enemy also had to be hunted, which entailed a great deal of scouting, at which the author, as everyone knows, is an adept. He writes:—"For a pastime involving all the points that go to make up 'sport' in the eyes of a Briton, viz., hard work, adventure, general discomfort, and genuine fun, commend me to scouting." During the time of which the author speaks food was scarce and the game laws had been suspended in order that a plentiful supply of game could be procured. "The pleasure of the pursuit of game," he says, "was all the more enhanced, from the knowledge that meat was really necessary to us, and especially by the fact that we often carried out our sport at the risk of being ourselves the quarry of some sneaking band of rebel warriors." To add to the enjoyment lions were met with, of the hunting and shooting of which General Baden-Powell gives a most graphic account. The other sketches include, "A Run with the Cape Foxhounds," an amusement greatly appreciated by the Boer farmers, who, "stolid and grumpy as is their demeanour, will rouse up like schoolboys and go with the keenest when a fox is afoot." "The Sport of Rajahs," a most stirring chapter on pig-sticking, a sport which the writer considers "par excellence a soldier's sport; it tests, develops, and sustains his best service qualities, and stands without rival as a training-school for officers." "Hadj Ano" is the title of a most interesting account of a snipe-shooting expedition which the author made in Tunisia, in company with two French officers, who, though from an English point of view hardly first-rate sportsmen, at any rate furnished the author with plenty of amusement. The author, as our readers know, is almost as much at home with the pencil as he is with the sword, and it is, therefore, almost unnecessary to state that his illustrations are excellent.

"Hurrah for the Life of a Sailor"

THERE is something remarkably refreshing and breezy about Admiral Kennedy's reminiscences. Even the title has a rollicking sound about it, whilst the perusal of the volume itself acts almost as a tonic to the mind of the jaded reader. The gallant author has had an adventurous and busy life, but from the outset he seemed determined to get all the enjoyment he could out of it, and, judging from the account he gives was eminently successful in that respect. Not that he had fewer trials or disagreeables to put up with than most men, but being blessed with good spirits and a determination to make the best of everything, he took the rough with the smooth, and, as is always the case with men of that stamp, they averaged up well on the right side. Admiral Kennedy is a man of many parts. Besides being devoted to his profession, he has been, and still is, an ardent sportsman, and has shot big game and little in many portions of the globe; he is an excellent artist, as the illustrations in the volume testify, and is equally at home in making a water-colour drawing or painting the stern of his own ship; whilst as a writer—well! he is able to produce a volume of reminiscences which will be read by old and young with interest and enjoyment.

Admiral Kennedy began his career in the *Rodney*, a fine ninety-gun line-of-battle ship, in which he had to submit to a good deal of bullying at the hands of "old midshipmen," a class of officers that, happily, does not exist in the Navy at the present time. Soon after he sailed for the Mediterranean, and when the Crimean War broke out his ship was ordered to the Black Sea. Young Kennedy took part in the bombardment of Sebastopol and served with the Naval Brigade in the trenches. "It was a stirring life," he writes, "and no fear of being monotonous; and as to being killed, I don't think we ever thought of it after the first day or two." At the conclusion of the war he returned to England and was appointed to the *Calcutta*, the flagship of Sir Michael Seymour, on the China Station. He was present during the whole of the China War, spending three months in an open boat, and taking part in many fierce engagements. But the most daring, one might truly say the most important, piece of work that any young officer was ever engaged in was when young Kennedy in his open boat attacked a fleet of eighty junks. It happened thus: Kennedy was ordered down the river with despatches to be delivered at Macas Fort. Taking his chum, another midshipman named Byles, with him, he started, and had not gone far when he met a boat coming up from the fort to report that a large fleet of junks was coming out of Fatshau Creek with the evident intention of attacking the fort. Kennedy admits that it was his duty to deliver his despatches to the officer in command of Macas Fort, but he and Byles held a council of war and decided to attack the junks.

Such a chance was not to be thrown away, and we thought there was no harm in having a brush with the junks before the boats of the squadron arrived.

Well, they had their brush with the junks and actually managed to hold their own for a considerable time. Admiral Kennedy writes:—

I am not prepared to justify this foolish proceeding, which was not only contrary to orders, but altogether preposterous, seeing that the junks, numbering at least eighty, were armed with 32-pounders and crowded with men, whilst we were in an open boat, armed with a 12-pounder howitzer, and a crew of fourteen all told besides ourselves, two mids! But at eighteen midshipmen are not always fitted with discretion.

To this last remark we might add that it is a good thing for the British navy that they are not. But yet the whole thing was *magnifique*, although it certainly was not *la guerre*. The limits of our space prevent us from giving more details of Admiral Kennedy's brilliant career.

SECOND EDITIONS.—Messrs. Constable have issued second editions of "Among the Himalayas," by Major L. A. Waddell; "The Alps from End to End," by Sir Martin Conway; "The Household of the Lafayette," by Miss Edith Siehel; and of Miss Eva Scott's "Rupert, Prince Palatine."

* By Vice-Admiral Sir William Kennedy, K.C.B. (Blackwood.)

Mrs. Tommy

BY ONE WHO KNOWS HER

WHILE all the world is most justly lost in admiring wonder at the heroic valour of the British soldier, the little inferior pluck of his helpmate passes without much notice. No great writer has yet sung her praises either in rhyme or in prose; we are satisfied to provide for her economical requirements by bountiful almsgiving. Yet Mrs. Tommy is a heroine in her way, and a right good way it is, as all will bear witness who have ever had personal relations with the excellent lady. There are, of course, some unworthy women in barracks as elsewhere—poor creatures who either succumb to the drink temptation, or meekly lie down when hard-kicked by privations. But speaking from long experience, I am prepared to contend that the percentage of these feminine

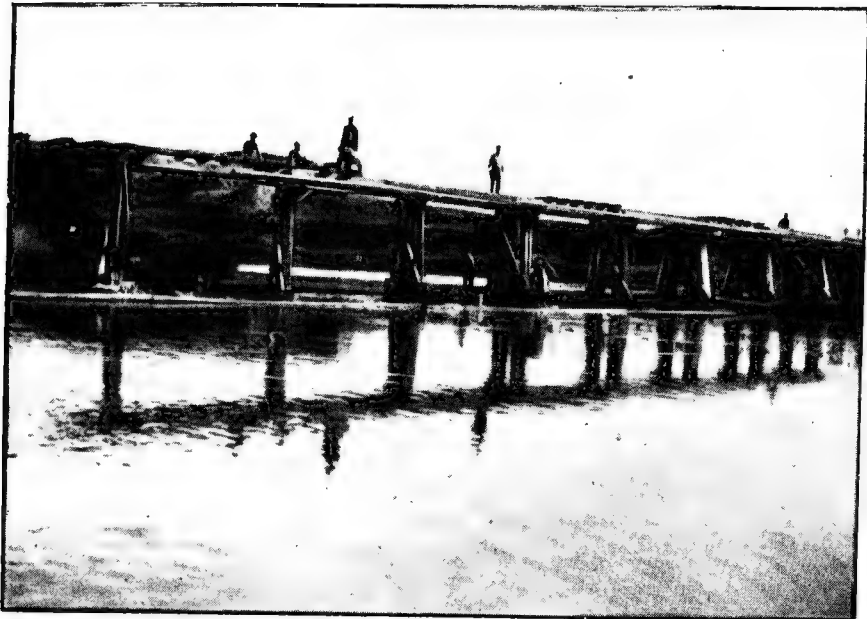
NOT ON THE STRENGTH

There are a good many of these deserving women to whom the war has brought great relief from cruel strain, although not one of them would probably acknowledge to the fact. In every battalion there are a number of wives not officially "borne on the strength," owing to their having married without the commanding officer's sanction. It is absolutely essential for the well-being of the Army that this official restriction on Tommy's matrimonial proclivities should be strictly enforced. There are many old officers, indeed, who hold that neither the rank and file nor the commissioned grades should ever be allowed to marry before attaining superior positions. It cannot be denied that much misery would be prevented by some such decree. There is no more pitiable lot than that of the wife of a subaltern without private means, unless it be that of the poor creature who, at the dictate of affection, has set the Queen's Regulations at defiance by marrying a private soldier without official sanction. She has to live outside barracks in hired lodgings; she

is only natural that she should give it free play on the field of personal scandal. I will say this, however, on her behalf; when the persistent defamation in which her sharp tongue delights really blackens the character of the calumniated victim, and causes her to be shunned as a bad lot, Mrs. Tommy almost invariably rounds on herself by taking up the cudgels for the poor creature. Like her gallant husband, she considers it cowardly to strike the fallen, even should the fall have been deserved.

GOOD MATERIAL FOR MILITARY NURSES

The thought often occurs to me that, among these women, admirable raw materials are on offer for the evolution of military nurses. Generally endowed with a fair measure of intelligence, not unskilled in the preparation of tasty food to tempt dormant appetites, long accustomed to obey orders, and full of tenderness beneath their rough manners, they would come to the work very largely equipped with essentials for competent performance. Shortly after I received my first commission, a virulent fever caught hold of me



LAYING THE RAILS ON THE DAMAGED BRIDGE AT STANDERTON



COOLIES FLOATING TIMBER ACROSS THE RIVER FOR STANDERTON BRIDGE



BREAKFAST AT WATERVAL: THE CAMP OF OFFICERS OF THE 2ND DEVONS

When Sir Redvers Buller reached Standerton he found that all the Dutch residents had left the town. The railway bridge over the Vaal was badly damaged, the centre span having been blown away. The work of repairing the bridge was begun forthwith, the timber being floated across the river by the coolies



TROOPERS OF STRATHCONA'S HORSE FORAGING NEAR STANDERTON

employed in transport. There was little opposition in the march from Standerton, but Strathcona's Horse came in contact with the enemy and prevented them from further damaging the railway. Our illustrations are from photographs by a British officer

WITH THE NATAL FIELD FORCE: THE MARCH TO PRETORIA

weaklings is less in the Army than in almost any other section of English society. In the large majority of cases strength of temperament is, perhaps, rather too prominently in evidence. Mrs. Tommy prides herself on "standing no nonsense" from either her husband or any other person. She knows her rights, and is always prepared to make strenuous fight for their maintenance. Great as is her respect for the officers of the company to which she belongs, the good dame does not hesitate to give them "a piece of her mind" in robust language if she imagines her prerogatives to be in danger. But I have rarely known her to speak roughly or coarsely to an officer's wife; she recognises that lady as a ministering angel, whose kindly sympathy and help are always forthcoming when really needed. There is a tacit camaraderie between them which creates entire confidence on both sides; Mrs. Tommy will confide to Mrs. Officer domestic secrets of the most delicate character. Nor does she object to being sharply censured by her good friend when guilty of wrecking some other lady's finery or of similar misconduct. With perfect frankness she owns right away that her temper got the better of her, owing to the provocation she received from the enemy. As for the use of too emphatic language at moments of wrath, Mrs. Atkins usually excuses herself on the ground that she has acquired the bad habit from Mr. Atkins and his associates.

is not entitled to rations, or medical attendance, or any other of the privileges of wives "on the strength;" in fine, the miserable woman finds herself a sort of regimental pariah, with the grim wolf of destitution ever poking its ugly nose in at the door. The officers and their consorts help all they can by generally giving out their washing to wives "off the strength" and in still more direct ways. But even under the most favourable circumstances the unfortunates have a terribly rough time of it, especially when children come in rapid succession, as almost invariably happens in these sad cases. It may be readily believed, therefore, that the official decree placing these out-caste women on precisely the same footing as the in-caste for help from the war relief funds filled them with happiness. In many cases within my personal knowledge they are rather more comfortably off than before their "absent-minded" beggars stepped on board ship to risk their lives for Queen and country.

DOES NOT FLIRT

Of quite immaculate virtue, as a rule, Mrs. Tommy has little liking for flirtation; she regards it contemptuously as a puerile amusement, only suitable for "hussies." But she dearly relishes gossip, and it must be admitted that she is a rare hand at tearing characters to tatters, not out of malice so much as for the sake of piquant discourse. In the ordinary affairs of her hard-working existence there is little scope for the exercise of imagination, and it

and played sad mischief with my immature constitution. Never shall I forget, and, I hope, never cease to feel grateful for the gentle and patient ministrations of the wife of my soldier servant. No sooner did the good woman hear from her husband that the newly joined ensign was seriously ill, and babbling in his delirium about mother, father, and the old home, than she went straight away to the regimental surgeon and volunteered her services as nurse. There was absolutely no call upon her to make the offer; she barely knew me by sight, even if as much as that. It was pure goodness of heart, together with a sense of *esprit de corps*. Yet this kindly woman had the reputation of being of cantankerous disposition, and I am sorry to admit that there were some grounds for that unfavourable opinion. I feel very sure that if she had been ordered, or even asked, to play the part of nurse, the spirit of independence would have flown to arms on the instant. When I became convalescent, I asked her why she had been so good to me, a stranger. Her reply was, "Your mother will understand; it was your talking about her which worried me; I have had kids of my own, and although they are all dead and in glory now, poor things, it always cuts into me when a grown-up son shows real love for the woman who brought him into the world." This was, probably, the longest speech that ever fell from my benefactor's lips; she must have been deeply moved to string so many words together, being a reticent body, and not even prone to gossip.

BARRACK RIVALRIES

Jealousy is the most frequent cause of strife among barrack women; let one of them suspect that "her man" is dallying with some other lady and there are sure to be "wigs on the green." Even if the aggrieved wife be disposed to treat the matter philosophically, she is forced to take action by the taunts of her feminine friends. They never leave her alone for a moment; they incessantly fling in her teeth the hated name of her rival. On one occasion, I was told by my colour-sergeant, of a solemn conclave held by the company's women to decide on the most effectual method of forcing Mrs. — to save her erring husband from the wicked enchantress who had stolen his affections. In these cases it is always the woman, never the man, who is held to blame. Mrs. Tommy regards Mr. Atkins as a poor, weak innocent, *quod* womankind; he may wear the V.C., but she holds that he would never have won it against a feminine foe. An occasional mode of averting outrageous trespasses on matrimonial prerogatives is ordeal by battle, and I have heard that the combatants sometimes display considerable skill. But regimental feeling is so invariably and so strongly on the side of the aggrieved wife that whether the encounter ends in one way or another the husband feels constrained to return to his lawful allegiance. It is seldom, however, that matters proceed to such an extreme pass; feminine pressure, supported by that of the non-commissioned officers, generally brings back the wandering sheep to its proper fold.

LITTLE VANITIES

Like most of her sex, Mrs. Tommy dearly loves finery, and her narrow means being insufficient for its purchase, she makes the most of the personal attractions bestowed upon her by nature. Artificial embellishment of the face being prescribed by regimental tradition—it provokes unpleasant references to Jezebel and improper characters—she bestows most of her pains on her generally luxuriant locks. Hot controversy sometimes rages as to which lady has the finest head of hair in the regiment, and claimants to that high honour occasionally let loose their tresses outside their quarters, so that the whole world may see their length, volume, and beauty. It was this foible which an astute old officer turned to profitable account when the men of his battalion were marched out to camp, leaving the women and children behind under his charge. Masculine control being thus eliminated, the "poor heart that never rejoices" forthwith rejoiced in various unseemly ways, and the barracks became a Pandemonium. Next morning the whole of the women were paraded and solemnly warned that the hair of every offender would be closely clipped should there be any repetition of disorder. The threat sufficed; it never had to be carried out in a single instance. For the feminine rowdies knew that the better-behaved would "tell on them" if they disgraced the regiment again, and they farther knew right well that the gallant veteran in command would be as good as his word. Such, then, are the more prominent characteristics of poor Mrs. Atkins; she has her little failings, but they are far more than balanced by her many admirable qualities of heart and soul.

Some Suffolk Superstitions

By A HOLIDAY-MAKER IN EAST ANGLIA

THE peasants of East Anglia, whence Cromwell's adherents were mainly drawn, present to-day a fairly faithful picture of those Ironsides whose descendants they are. And the Suffolk countryman is influenced in his daily life largely—as Cromwell's troops were entirely—by omens and auguries which guide him in his interpretation of Divine intentions. "Pricking" the Bible for "a sign" as to the disposition of some small savings, or the settlement of a trivial domestic complication comes as naturally to the superstitious and melancholy rustic of Suffolk as to any of Cromwell's Puritans. On New Year's morning in Suffolk that would indeed be a Pagan cottage wherein the family did not assemble to "prick the Book" for prophecies of coming events. It is possible to "have another try" in those cases where the pin pricks an historical verse incapable of a domestic rendering, so if you light on an unintelligible verse you try your luck again. The East Anglian of to-day is almost as versed in the "omens" of birds as was ever an ancient Roman, and three crows in a field may prove so disturbing an influence to a ploughman as to put him off his calculation of a furrow. For of what use is it to brother Hodge that his furrows be straight if those three crows persist in auguring his speedy demise? And though the Suffolk labourer, as the fruit of his hard work, may sleep soundly through thunderstorm and earthquake, the gentle pecking of a bird against his window pane will rouse him quaking from his bed. For a good night's rest is of small importance beside this light tap which may solemnly warn of death in the house before the expiration of a year.

But the crowning point of superstition in Suffolk rests in the popular belief that bees are the chief medium between man and "the world of things unseen." Indeed the bee—as interpreted by the Suffolk peasant—is a much more subtle creature than he is as translated so delightfully by Lubbock. "None of they witchy beasts for me," says many a "native," prudent and thrifty though he may be in appreciation of possible honey harvests. For the whimsies and general uncanniness of bees in many cases counteract the temptations of their sweet honey. Bees, however, may be safely kept by those who study the intricacies of their lore and fulfil hive etiquette. One of the chief tributes of respect demanded by bees is that they receive formal and immediate notice of the death of any member of that household to which they are attached. It is, therefore, a matter of everyday occurrence in Suffolk for a hard-headed farmer, whose better half is hardly cold in her bed, and so soon as "the parson" has been informed of the event, to wend his way to his hives, and, knocking thrice thereon, loudly announce to the occupants "The Missus is dead." Subsequently—long before the good man has thought of a hatband for himself—he ties up each hive with a piece of black crape in token of the share taken by the bees in mourning the departed "Missus." The belief is deep-rooted and universal, that if this ceremonial be omitted or curtailed the whole bee colony will vanish, and no sound of their busy hum will ever again be heard in the hives!

The Theatres

By W. MOY THOMAS

"IN THE SOUP"

THE audience at the STRAND Theatre on Tuesday evening "laughed consumedly" at the late Mr. Ralph Lumley's three-act farce, entitled *In the Soup*, which, after a preliminary trial in the country, has found its way to town. What more need be said to proclaim this posthumous production of a playwright who has contributed some good work to the stage a complete success? There is not, it is true, anything very novel about the personages or the incidents of this riotous piece of extravagance. The little world to which we are introduced is entirely composed of long-familiar factors in the working out of farcical problems—people who do extraordinary things without any motive, or at least without any adequate motive—and keep up a perpetual bustle which is a little fatiguing to those who, like the old farmer with the dictionary, are anxious to know what the author is "driving at." But at the STRAND Theatre on Tuesday nobody appeared to be in this inquiring state of mind. When Mr. Gillibrand, the impecunious young lawyer, and his young wife discover that they have accidentally let their furnished flat twice over, together with the services of their domestics, and determine to let the double tenancy stand while they wait upon their guests in the disguise of butler and cook, the spectators received these incongruities with shouts of merriment. When, again, Mrs. Gillibrand, having discovered in one of her lodgers a wealthy uncle of her husband's just home from India, from whom the young couple are particularly anxious to conceal the fact of their union, resolves to send a considerable number of the *dramatis personæ* to sleep, by the aid of a dose of soothing syrup administered "in the soup," the mirth broke out afresh. In what way this desperate expedient furthers any rational object which the lady



Miss Julia Neilson as Nell Gwyn
"SWEET NELL OF OLD DRURY" AT THE HAYMARKET

has in view was certainly not made clear; but the explosions of jealousy and threats of proceedings in the Divorce Court which followed upon the discovery of these persons huddled together in a somnolent condition were, nevertheless, regarded as very diverting, and experienced playgoers were heard to say that this situation, which brings the second act to a close, would be "the making of the piece!" Nevertheless, the most amusing scene in the farce is that of the last act, in which the various personages turn up on certain pretexts in the chambers of Mr. Gillibrand and his friend and neighbour, Mr. Heming, in the Temple. The success of the farce was due in great measure to the spirit and drollery of Mr. James Welch's performance of Gillibrand—albeit his young barrister is a little too explosive for ordinary nerves. Mr. John Beauchamp does his best to give reality to the portrait of the choleric uncle; Mr. Wyes plays an old Frenchman in a rather highly coloured style, and Miss Maria Saker in the part of Mrs. Bates, the cook, may lay claim to no small share in the favourable reception accorded to the performance.

MISS JULIA NEILSON AS NELL GWYN

We are enabled this week to give a sketch of Miss Neilson in the character of Nell Gwyn, in the new play entitled *Sweet Nell of Old Drury*, with which the HAYMARKET reopened for an autumn season on Thursday evening. Unfortunately this event comes too late in the week for a detailed notice in our present issue: we must, therefore, be content for the present to chronicle the fact that since Miss Marie Tempest presented herself the other day in Messrs. Anthony Hope and Edward Rose's version of "Simon Dale"

at the PRINCE OF WALES'S, the popularity of that historical personage has been exemplified by the advent of another Nell Gwyn in a neighbouring theatre. *Sweet Nell of Old Drury* is, as the reader is aware, the work of Mr. Kester, the American dramatist, and though new to this country was originally produced in the United States a few years ago.

Music of the Week

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS

THE Promenade Concert season opened at Queen's Hall last Saturday before a very large audience—much larger, indeed, than is usual at a first night of these entertainments. The fact, of course, is that a revival of the old style of Promenade Concerts having been attempted without success at Covent Garden last year, Queen's Hall once more enjoys a monopoly. Mr. Newman grasps the changed conditions of the present day, and also thoroughly understands his audiences, who require music of a higher character than that to which they were accustomed a dozen or twenty years ago, and who, indeed, appreciate the "Proms." best when they most nearly correspond with the ordinary Symphony Concerts of the winter season. Except, indeed, on Saturdays, when the programmes are to be of a varied character, almost every concert will contain either a Symphony or a Concerto, so that these entertainments will practically be cheap classical concerts. The whole of the promenade is allotted to the shilling folks, and on Saturday it seemed to be a vast sea of straw hats. More than twice as many people were packed in the so-called "promenade" than could be accommodated if they were seated, while even the more expensive parts of the house were well filled, the seats in the grand circle allotted to non-smokers being sold out with astonishing alacrity.

There is no need to give details of the opening programme, which contained several "arrangements," such as a version by Herr Weingartner of the "Invitation to the Waltz" and an orchestral version by M. Guiraud of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song." On Monday a Wagner programme was announced; on Tuesday a sort of patriotic programme was drawn up, including Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise;" on Wednesday the first portion of the programme was mainly devoted to Tchaikowsky; on Thursday Madame Von Stosch, a clever violinist, with, however, rather a thin tone, was announced to play Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto; while Friday was set apart for the first of the Beethoven nights, the whole of the nine Symphonies, in chronological order, being announced during the present season on successive Friday evenings, a scheme which, by the way, was first started by Sir Arthur Sullivan at Covent Garden more than a quarter of a century ago. The band, which on the opening night was rather rough, is under the conductorship of Mr. Wood.

THE "SWEET NELL" MUSIC

At the Haymarket the play, *Sweet Nell of Drury Lane*, was announced for production on Thursday, but the music, which had been specially written for the piece by Mr. Raymond Roze, only son of the celebrated *prima donna*, Madame Marie Roze, was, of course, ready long before the opening night. The drama is understood to deal a good deal with the love affairs of Lady Olivia Vernon and Sir Roger Fairfax, and the theme associated with these two young people plays an important part in the overture. The other themes in the Prelude are allotted to Nell Gwyn and Judge Jeffreys, the conflict between whom to promote or prevent the marriage of the young couple forming part of the plot. Nell Gwyn's *motif* is her "orange" street cry, which, indeed, practically follows her throughout the drama. In the second act Miss Julia Neilson, who, it may be recollected (like Miss Marie Tempest, the Nell Gwyn of the Prince of Wales's Theatre), was a student of singing before she became an actress, sings a ditty set by Mr. Raymond Roze in minuet form, to Dryden's words, "How happy the lover, how easy his chain," which date back to King Charles's own day. Miss Neilson arranged to accompany herself upon a harpsichord, an instrument which was, of course, already in use in Charles II.'s time, although some writers seem to labour under the idea that it only dates from the eighteenth century. This song, with the overture and some of the *entr'actes*, is about to be published by Messrs. Joseph Williams. The *entr'actes* are more or less in the dance forms of the period, except as to a slow waltz, a dance which was probably not invented, and, at any rate, did not come into use until the latter end of the last century. The *entr'acte* music, however, includes a "Song Without Words," a Gavotte, a Minuet, and a Polonaise, while old-fashioned dance music, such as the Gavotte and the Bourrée, is likewise utilised for some of the incidental music.

MUSICAL NOTES AND NEWS

The London rehearsals for the Hereford Musical Festival will take place at Queen's Hall on Wednesday and Thursday next under the direction of Dr. Robertson Sinclair. The morning of Wednesday will be devoted to familiar works, but in the afternoon we are to hear Parry's *Te Deum* and Mr. Coleridge Taylor's new songs, *The Soul's Expression*. Dr. Parker's *A Wanderer's Psalm* will be rehearsed on Thursday afternoon.

Madame Clara Butt will return to England next week from her honeymoon. Her first appearance since her marriage will officially take place at the Birmingham Festival next month, but she has also agreed to sing at one of the Sunday concerts at Blackpool on September 23.

Mr. Coleridge Taylor has undertaken to write the music specially for Mr. Phillips's new play, *The Madness of Herod*, at Her Majesty's. For Mr. Phillips's play, *Paolo and Francesca*, which will be produced towards the end of the year at the St. James's Theatre, the music will specially be written by Mr. Percy Pitt, of Queen's Hall.

Last Tuesday occurred the fiftieth anniversary of the first performance of *Lohengrin* at Weimar. The representation is known to have been an indifferent one, although Liszt conducted it, and as the composer was then unable to enter Germany (as a warrant was out against him as a political offender), he spent the night of the production on the top of the Rigi. So little did Wagner think of the music that he offered Breitkopf and Härtel to present them with the copyright to liquidate a debt which he owed them for a piano.



COMEDY: A STUDY OF THE DRESS CIRCLE IN A LONDON THEATRE

DRAWN BY ARTHUR GARRATT

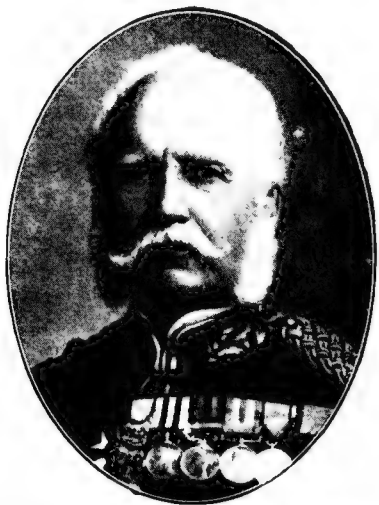


TRAGEDY: A STUDY OF THE DRESS CIRCLE IN A LONDON THEATRE

DRAWN BY ARTHUR GARRATT

General Sir John Miller Adye, G.C.B.

GENERAL SIR J. MILLER ADYE, G.C.B., Colonel-Commandant Royal Artillery, saw extensive service during his sixty-four years' military career. He fought in the Crimea, where he was present at



THE LATE GENERAL SIR JOHN ADYE, G.C.B.
Crimean and Indian Mutiny Veteran

the battles of Alma, Balaclava and Inkerman, in the Indian Mutiny Campaign, on the North-West Frontier in 1863, and in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, when he was second in command and Lord Wolseley's Chief of Staff. Sir John had also filled the positions of Director of Artillery and Stores, Governor of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich and Commander-in-Chief at Gibraltar. The late General, who was made a Knight Commander of the Bath in 1873, received the

Grand Cross of that Order and also the thanks of Parliament for his services in Egypt. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Lieutenant-General W. Rickman

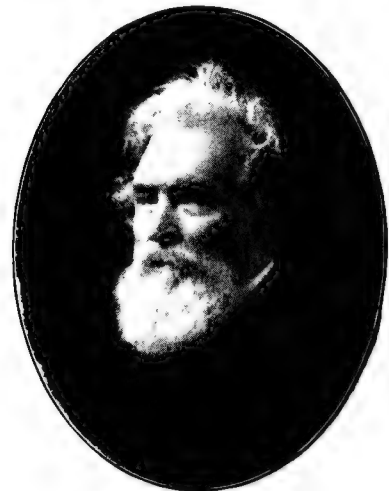
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL W. RICKMAN was colonel of the Royal Munster Fusiliers from March 26, 1899. He entered the Service in September, 1848, as ensign in the 77th Regiment and was through the Crimean Campaign, being present at the siege and taking of Sebastopol, and the sortie of March 22. Kinglake says of him in his "History of the Invasion of the Crimea":—"With his men of the 77th detachment, supported by that of the 88th, Captain Rickman, after a well-sustained fight, and losing several men, defeated the venturesome column Zavalachine had led, and drove it back down the ravine." His services in the Crimea won him a number of honours, including the medal with clasp, brevet of major, knight of the Legion of Honour, and fifth class of the Medjidieh and Turkish medal. He was a justice of the peace of the county of Berks. He married, in 1857, Mary Pulsford, only daughter of Sir William Hayter, and leaves two sons, who are both fighting in South Africa, in the Royal Welsh and Northumberland Fusiliers respectively, and four daughters, two of whose husbands are also serving in South Africa. Our portrait is by Bassano, Old Bond Street.



THE LATE LIEUT.-GENERAL W. RICKMAN
Crimean Veteran

Mr. Thomas Faed, R.A.

MR. THOMAS FAED, R.A., had retired from the Royal Academy for some seven years. He was born on June 8, 1826, at Gatehouse of Fleet, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, a lonely spot, consisting of little more than a handful of cottages, abutting on old



THE LATE MR. THOMAS FAED
Retired Royal Academician

Cally House and Burley Mill. The mill was tenanted by his father, an engineer and millwright, and here he and his elder brother, Mr. John Faed, R.S.A., an octogenarian, who still survives, were born. Thomas developed a taste for art at an early age, and, encouraged by his brother, commenced by laboriously copying sundry old engravings, the productions of an uncle. In due course, he went to Edinburgh, and made rapid progress with his studies. Gaining admission to the Art School of the Board of Trustees for Manufacture, where, at the age of sixteen, he was under the tuition for a short period of Sir William Allan in the antique

class, he was annually successful at the competition for prizes in various departments. His first exhibits were illustrations in water-colour of the "Old English Baron," and the like, which were successful neither artistically nor pecuniarily. He then turned his attention to scenes drawn from his earlier years, and set to work upon simple scenes of Scottish peasant life. His first work produced the satisfactory return to him of twelve guineas in cash, and a growing reputation. Commissions followed, and soon afterwards recognition of his worth by his election as an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy in 1849, at the age of twenty-three. Leaving Edinburgh for the South he settled in London in 1852, and almost immediately began that long series of domestic subjects which made him popular and at one bound brought him fame. Mr. Faed was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1859, and a Royal Academician in 1864, retiring in 1893. He was also an honorary member of the Royal Scottish Academy, and of the Imperial Academy of Vienna. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

War in the Magazines

"THE PINK PERIL"

THE most interesting article in the *Fortnightly* is that in which "Diplomaticus" discusses the coming settlement in China and the awakening of the Chinese Colossus. The writer is not of those who think that China is breaking up and talk glibly about partition without realising in any way what partition would mean, and he sketches very lucidly a parallel picture to that canvas on which "The Yellow Peril" has been so sensationally portrayed. "I have often wondered," he writes, "why some Chinese nationalist has not written a pamphlet on this counterpart of the German Emperor's nightmare under some such title as 'The Pink Peril.'"

For years past the Pink Barbarian of the West has been crowding in increasing numbers into the cultured East. He claims free ingress and egress for himself while he refuses the same privilege to Chinamen in his own countries. He forces himself, his trade, and the propagandists of his mushroom religions on the Celestials by violent methods which are forbidden in the serene ethics of Confucius. He arrogantly derides their ancient cultus, corrupts their language into a hideous dialect, seizes their forts and arsenals without right or excuse, and earmarks their provinces for eventual annexation on the insolent assumption that they are nationally moribund. Finally, he writes books to prove that they are a universal danger; that their millions are about to overrun the world with armies which have no existence, or to depress the Western labour markets with workmen who only desire to stay at home, or to ruin Western industries with which they are unacquainted by acclimatising them in their own land.

Little wonder that the sorely tried Middle Kingdom has revolted, but the writer, surely, overstates his case a little in talking about the workman who only wants to stay at home. If this were so there would be no occasion for legislation to restrict his entry into colonies and countries, and no one would have been "ruined by Chinese cheap labour." The idea of partition is dismissed contemptuously. "Where is the European Power which at the present moment, and bearing in mind its Continental responsibilities, is in a position to assume the conquest and control of 100,000,000 of Chinese? There is not one." What is wanted is the establishment of a strong native Government, calculated to guarantee order in the Empire and the faithful execution of treaties with foreign Powers—a Government which may declare war if it will, but may not sanction the murder of foreigners and attacks on Legations. The course, then, which "Diplomaticus" proposes is: find the Emperor, and reinstate him minus the Dowager-Empress. He does not in any way believe that the Emperor is the semi-idiot he is frequently represented, and he supports his belief with sound arguments, while there is little doubt that the restoration would be most popular.

A PORTRAIT OF LORD ROBERTS

In *Harper's* Mr. Julian Ralph reviews the struggle in South Africa with conspicuous fairness, and concludes with a few words about Lord Roberts. Referring to an explanation given by some one as to why the Field-Marshal stood still at Bloemfontein, he says "everyone who is with the British will only be amused at the idea of explaining why he did anything. It is quite enough to know that he did it. No one questions or doubts 'Bobs' in the British Army. His place is unique there—and in all the world besides."

In all the world besides no other man has the confidence, affection, and pride of so many men. It is not merely the private soldier who is wholly satisfied simply to be led by him. The feeling is the same among the officers. He has infinite tact, because he is in complete sympathy with every man in or above the ranks. He returns every salute; he talks to every sort of soldier; he knows them by name by the hundreds. He is more profuse in kind words and compliments than in reproach, just as he is most inclined to be gentle and kindly, yet every man knows how firm and severe he can be. In those two sentences lies the definition of perfect justice, which he nearly personifies. He makes so little show and parade that there is no plainer man among his 200,000; and yet he is always as neat as a pin; a straight-built, solidly set up, quick, nervous little man, with bright eyes under a majestic forehead and above a masterful chin. His face is so sad and gentle when it is in repose that you have to look at it again and again—and then only to add to your wonder how that can be the visage of a man who deals death for a profession, and lends to death the flower of the Army he loves. Look at the same face again when he is speaking, giving orders. It is just as kindly, but the melancholy has fled, and in its place is the indefinable tracery called "command."

"At Dreefontein," continues Mr. Ralph, "he came to where the naval battery was and sat down on a camp-stool brought for him by his Indian attendant. He spoke to the officer in command of the battery cheerily, and now and then he asked the younger officers a question."

All the time he was smiling and looking most pleased, though, for its size, there has not been a hotter battle in the war. Gallopers and staff-officers came and went, bringing news and taking away orders. "Tell Colonel So-and-so to move a little forward and to the left." "Say that I wish So-and-so would push forward." It was all as quietly and calmly said and done, there in the heat of battle and within range of the enemy's guns—as calmly and quietly done as ever a bank-manager issued orders to his clerks on a dull afternoon. And, just as suddenly as he came, the Field-Marshal sprang up and walked away, with the Indian and the chair at his heels.

He trusts every man implicitly until he finds himself mistaken in an individual; then it is not comfortable to be in that man's shoes. He is never angry. He controls his temper as he does his appetite, for he never smokes, and drinks hardly at all. He lives, in war, as plainly as any colonel under him, to say the least. Beyond and behind and above all else that distinguishes him is this: that though he is a general among men, he counts himself, before God, a humble soldier, for, without ever intruding the fact, he is a devout Christian.

THE FUTURE OF CHINA

The Rev. D. Z. Sheffield, who is the President of the North China College of the American Board at Tung-Chau, has a very thoughtful and interesting article in the *Century* on the influence of the Western world on China. Every one can see that this influence has not been wholly satisfactory, and it is important says the writer,

That we keep the fact steadily in mind in our efforts to understand the problems of China, that the highest officials, including the Empress-Dowager, believe that Confucian civilisation in its best thought and institutions is superior to Christian civilisation. Their ideas of reform are not that it should be outward and forward, but inward and backward; not towards Western and modern ideals, but toward Eastern and ancient ideals; not along the lines of the teachings of present-day political and social reformers, but along the line of the teachings of the ancient sages. The rulers of China during the past generation of contact with the outside world have seen men as trees walking. They have but vaguely comprehended the meaning of the ever-swelling tide of Western movement towards the Orient, and their thought and energy have chiefly been expended in inventing methods by which they hoped to resist the impact of this movement upon China, and so to live on in the future after the order that has existed throughout the ages of the past. Chinese officials have been taking lessons in the school of foreign diplomacy for the past sixty years, and they have not proved to be inapt pupils. They have learned through diplomacy how to bring to naught the plans of diplomats, how to set their faces toward the front when they intended to walk backward, how to make promises and manufacture the best of reasons for failing to fulfil them, how to take full advantage, in the interest of Chinese exclusiveness, of the jealousies and cross purposes of other Governments, how to tolerate the evil of foreign contact and reduce it to its smallest dimensions.

In the meantime British prestige, once great, has suffered serious loss. Russian influence is dominant in the counsels of Peking. Her railroad is rapidly pushing its course across Manchuria. Germany has decided for herself the price she will accept for her kindness to China, and has laid hold of a territory the population of which is nearly as great as the empire of Japan. France has staked out a yet larger territory adjoining her possessions lying on the south of China, and is awaiting a convenient occasion to complete the work of absorption. Meanwhile England has been vacillating between hope and fear: hope that in some way her ill fortune would improve, that the doors of intercourse with China which she had opened would not be closed, that China would be preserved in her integrity and enter in earnest upon lines of reform; fear lest she could not resist the double forces setting toward disintegration, those of internal corruption and of external land-hunger. Nevertheless, it is to England and to the United States that Mr. Sheffield looks for support for the "pervasive and powerful reform spirit" in China, and if these two countries support the progressive element the future need not be gloomy:—

England, in spite of her faults in dealing with weaker nations, has a larger measure of conscience mixed with her trade and diplomacy and Government, as a conserving element, than has been exhibited by other European nations. She has higher racial ideals, and a stronger sense of the rights of men. Though her prestige has suffered by unwise diplomacy, her unrivalled strength remains, and the war in South Africa is giving fresh proof of her resources and of the courage and energy of her soldiers. . . . If England and the United States will announce to the nations that their power will be used to conserve the integrity and promote the reformation of China, Japan will gladly give her support to this policy of peace and progress, and Germany, now acting the role of the opportunist, will add her strength to give to it the increased assurance of success.

Rural Notes

THE SEASON

DURING the last fortnight the season has left a deal—a very great deal—to be desired, and harvest will not be finished nearly so soon as farmers had hoped. In the north it has been cold as well, so that the ripening process in the backward spring corn has been arrested. The quantity of wheat secured all over England by the end of August is difficult to estimate, but a half is as high a figure as we should care to assert. The Home Counties are forward as compared with the greater wheat-growing area of the island, and because few fields of wheat are still "out" in Kent or Surrey we must not forget that whole parishes in Lincoln and Norfolk have not yet carried a sheaf, though the machine had reaped the corn a full fortnight ago. To stack corn when very wet is a very dangerous thing to attempt, and the Eastern Counties farmers can never be got to prepare for a wet harvesting. The Celt, that personage whose poetically unpractical nature we hear so much about, is ahead of his Teutonic rival in this respect, for in Ireland, in Cornwall, and in Brittany neat straw caps, the shape of a broad extinguisher, are kept to crown the shocks of corn, and the amount of injury to the heads of grain which this simple device keeps off is perfectly surprising. The wheat, however, is not likely to have suffered so severely as the barley, which fetches a shilling a cwt. (at least) more money when of a bright colour than when it is discoloured. The oats can stand more knocking about than other cereals, but unless a spell of hot weather arrives they will now never fully ripen in Ulster, Scotland, north of the Firth of Forth and in North Wales. The new crop of rye is satisfactory; it was secured at the end of July and makes 27s. to 28s. per qr. New winter tares are also in some request.

THE HOPPING

Mr. Pett Ridge, in one of his amusing stories of the slums, makes a boy of ten go hopping on his own account. We do not know if the case is common; we hope not, for unless hoppers are hired beforehand their life is not likely to be a happy one. The district where help is required is limited to two counties, and when, as in the present year, both Kent and Sussex have a poor show of hops it is wonderful how the "scarce" and apparently all but extinct local labourer suddenly comes to the front with loudly expressed ability to gather all the local produce. Farmers who know their business go to the Borough in August, and through well-known agents secure respectable men and women, whose fares are paid, and whose visit to "the hopping" partakes, however humbly, of a personally conducted tour. The steadier type of hoppers get well known on particular farms and are welcome each year. When new hands find an opening is in a big year, a year when the produce is unexpectedly heavy. In a year like the present there is absolutely no room for fresh workers, and we hope the railway companies will not do anything to encourage a needless immigration into rural Kent and Sussex.

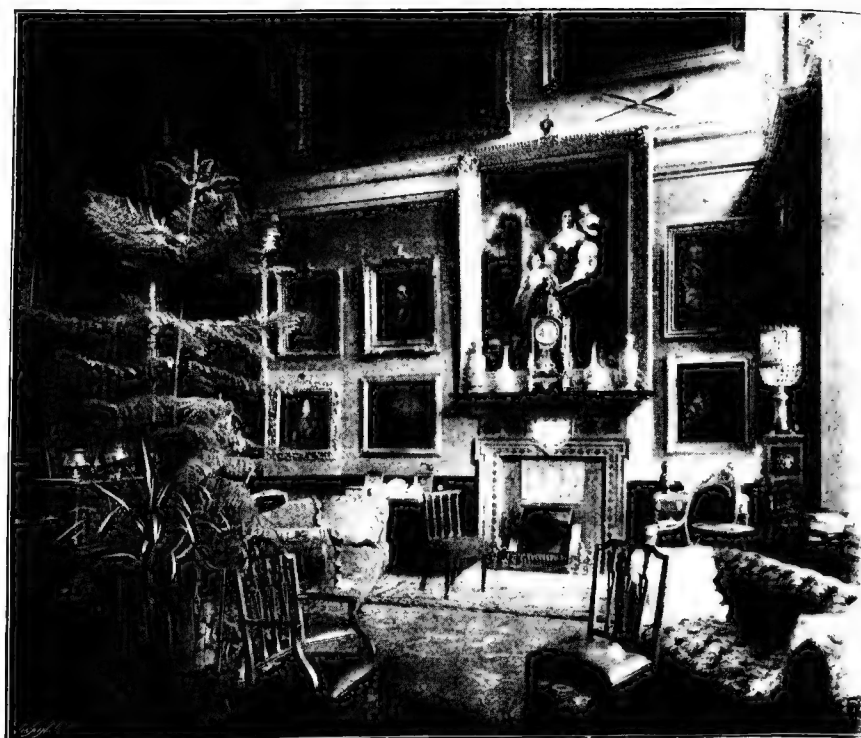
WHALES ON BRITISH SHORES

A wonderful "swim"—we can scarcely say "flight"—of whales from Icelandic to Scottish waters took place during the later part of August, and on the 24th ult. over a hundred were killed in shallow waters off the Shetland and Orkney Islands. On the coasts of Caithness and Sutherland whales have been stranded intermittently during the last ten days, and the "natives" have waded into the water to slay them with every conceivable weapon from Swedish knives to sickles, and even scythes. The sportsmanlike instinct in the North of Scotland is comparatively undeveloped, and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals—the whale is an animal—has not been heard of, we believe, in a higher latitude than that of Edinburgh.



GENERAL VIEW

Lord Abinger's seat in the Western Highlands is situated in Inverness-shire, between Banavie and Fort William. The River Lochy runs near by, while behind, in the distance, is Ben Nevis. It is to be hoped that the Lord-Lieutenant, who has not been well lately, will find his stay in this grand district beneficial. Lord Abinger, it will be remembered,



ONE OF THE ROOMS

has been serving in the Imperial Yeomanry, and has, after being taken prisoner by the Boers, escaped. Our photograph are by McIsaac and Riddle, Oban

INVERLOCHY CASTLE, LORD ABINGER'S HIGHLAND SEAT

New Novels

"A KENT SQUIRE"

"A KENT SQUIRE," by Frederick W. Hayes (Hutchinson and Co.), contains a portion of the extraordinary career of Ambrose Gwynett of Thornhaugh, who, in the course of the two otherwise eventful years, 1711-12, conveyed, single-handed, and despite imminent wreck and capture, a treasure-ship from Spain to Calais; narrowly escaped death by fire, lead, and steel; and survived hanging, first on the gallows and then in chains, for an uncommitted murder. The volume also contains a great deal of history, public and secret—the former distinguished by altogether unusual knowledge, grasp, and accuracy, fully entitling the author to an unlimited freedom of hand with regard to the latter. Anybody who can picture to himself a historical romance of Dumas the elder without a single distortion of history—no easy feat, it is true—will have a very fair notion of

"A Kent Squire" in its dealings with Bolingbroke, Harley, Madame de Maintenon, the Duke of Orleans, and the various personages, known or unknown to fame, who intrigue more or less murderously around them. The real centre of the novel, however, is the great Duke of Marlborough, whom Mr. Hayes has chosen to portray from the blackest possible point of view as a professional traitor whose sole object was to sell whatever influence he could get at home to the highest bidder in hard cash—Versailles or Vienna, Louis, George, or James—and at the same time to betray his purchaser for what he could get from the other side. Of course, the painter may choose his own colours; and at any rate he has done full justice to his own conception of what, it is to be hoped, many will regard as an impossible scoundrel. The story—again after the manner of Dumas—breaks off in the middle; save for an anticipation of the promised continuation of the personal and political adventures of its Kentish d'Artagnan. To this, none who have followed his career thus far will fail to look forward with interest. We should add that the author has supplied his own illustrations, which are not only pictorially excellent, but really help

his story, and make the beauty of his heroine a visible reality instead of a mere verbal description.

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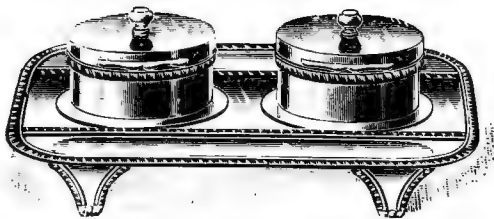
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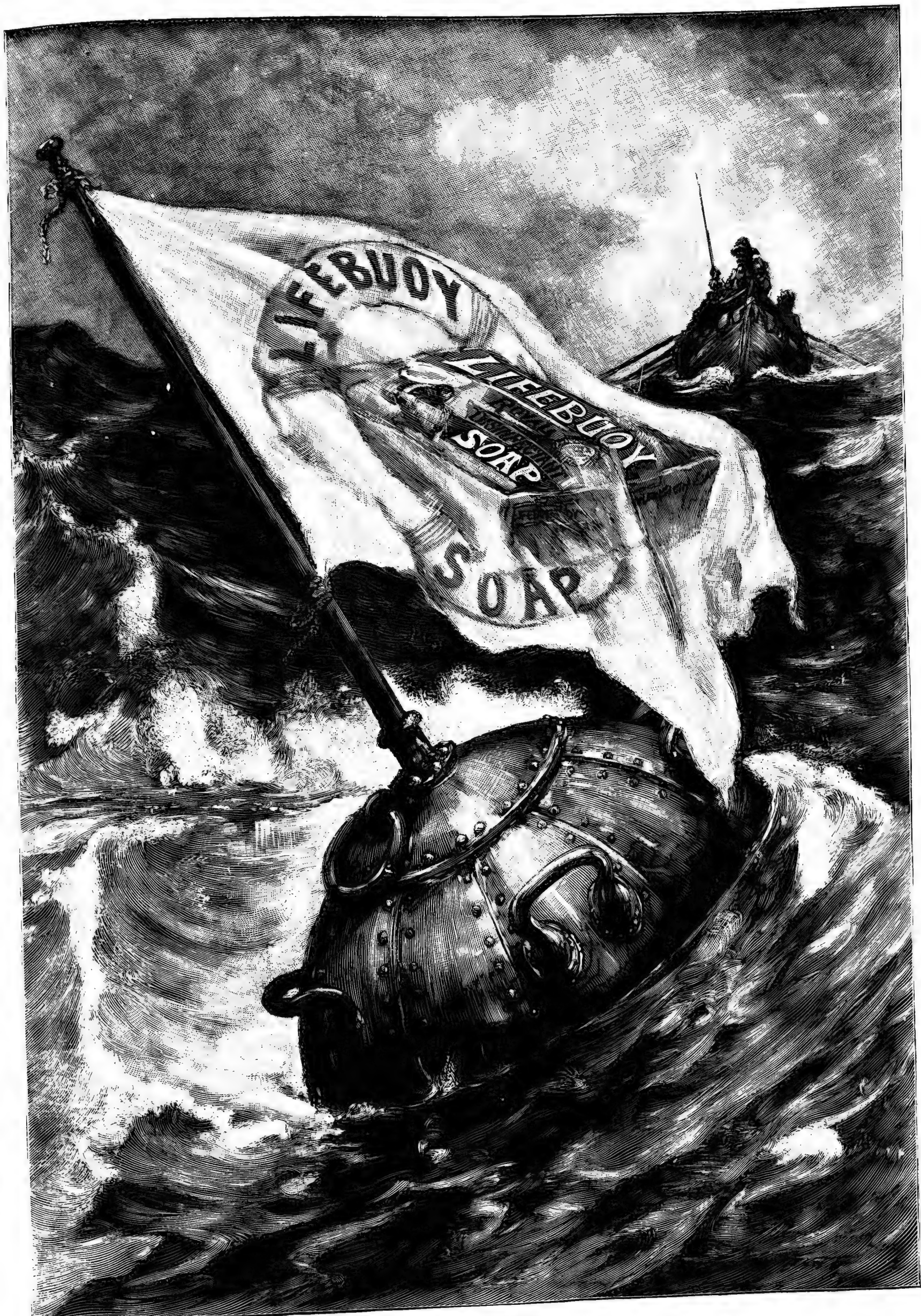
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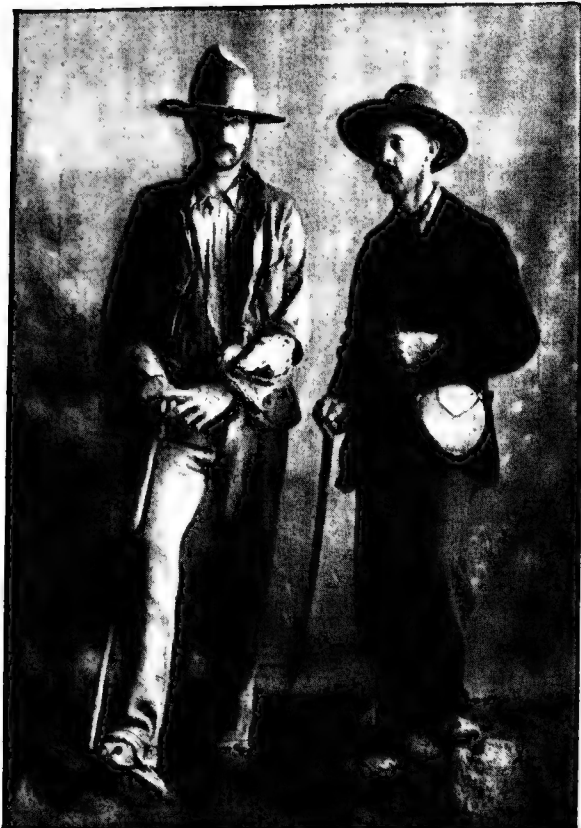
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TWO ESCAPED PRISONERS, AS THEY ARRIVED AT DELAGOA BAY
From a Photograph by J. and M. Lazarus, Lourenço Marques

of note passes more or less prominently over the stage; and the book—which is not without interest as a story—may be commended as the revival of a chapter of Court-chronicles so strange that its being still within living memory is stranger still.

"UNLEAVENED BREAD"

"Character is destiny" has been said rather sweepingly. The character of Selma White, as studied by Mr. Robert Grant under the fanciful but not inappropriate title of "Unleavened Bread" (Hutchinson and Co.) was certainly the foundation of her three successive marriages, and the final triumph of her social ambition. It is an exceedingly able study, and it is all the more interesting inasmuch as Selma is but an extreme type of a very large class which has never, heretofore, obtained adequate investigation. She is one of those people who cannot be found much fault with, because they never do what they think wrong, and who are so convinced of their own rightness and uprightness that

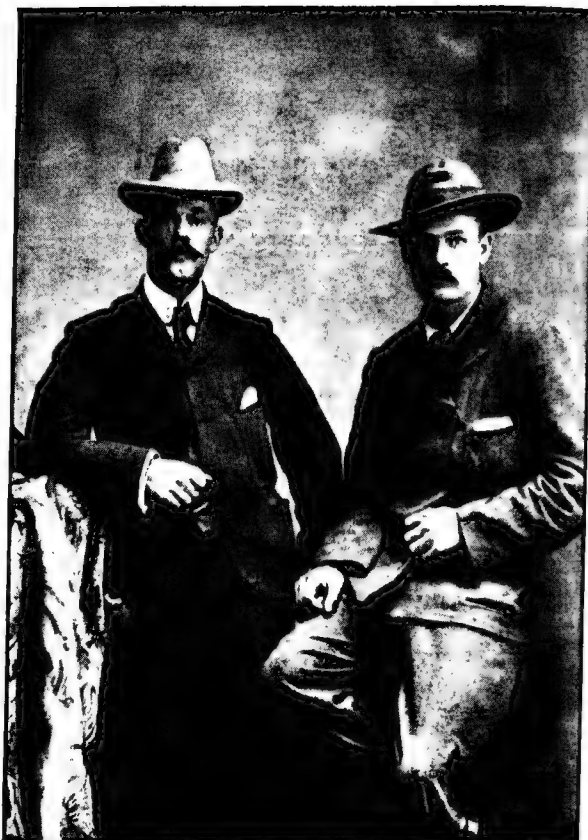
nothing they think or desire can possibly be wrong, and who take equally for granted that an end must needs justify its means when that end is theirs. Fortunately for the bigger world Selma's end was no higher than to be among the acknowledged queens of American Society, first in the remote but rising "city" of Benham, then in New York, and then in Washington. But it was not fortunate for the three husbands who constituted her ladder. The first, a mere varnish-maker, she was glad of a pretext for divorcing in order to soar higher elsewhere. The heart of the second, an architect with the soul of an artist, she broke because, much as he loved her, he loved honour more. The third, a Congress-man, she raised to State-governorship and the Senate—and herself through him—by making him, for her sake, false even to the laxest notions of political honesty. The whole story is that of the ultimate success of one whose vanity was a sort of vampire, sustaining itself—without the ghost of a consciously evil intention—upon men's fortunes, brains, lives and souls. It is of necessity somewhat cynical in tone, but it is the transparent cynicism of a humorist who exposes the worse sides of human nature in the interests of the better. Not many novels of late have been so well worth reading in respect either of insight, power, or knowledge of the world.

"TOWN LADY AND COUNTRY LASS"

Florence Warden has over and over again proved herself the possessor of a real talent for exciting the delightful sensations of creeps and shudders. We can quite understand the desire of an author to break new ground, and the occasional weariness of mysteries that must needs ensue when the arch-mystery of their manufacture has been fully mastered. We will, therefore, regard Miss Warden's "Town Lady and Country Lass" (F. V. White and Co.) as a well-earned holiday trip from "Houses on Marshes," and such like, into the always fascinating period, inexhaustible in its materials for both history and fiction, when the last century had not been long out of its teens. She has all the manner of the holiday-maker, all the signs of not knowing her way very well about, of losing it now and then, of a tendency to mistake vague impressions for studious observation, but still of a fresh pleasure even in such common objects of the road as "Waunds!" "Stap my vitals," and highwaymen with double lives. And pleasure is bound to be more or less catching. It is all very well for a jaunt, but though Miss Warden will, no doubt, be sorry when it is over, her readers will be heartily glad to welcome her back to her work again.

Escaped Prisoners

TROOPERS George Whittington and Milverton Ford, both of the New South Wales Lancers, were taken prisoners by the Boers at Slingersfontein on January 19 and sent to the Waterval Camp. Finding life in camp intolerable, they made up their minds to give the Boers a clean pair of heels, and in company with Sergeant Delaney, of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, they made their escape from Waterval on the night of April 22. Leaving their late prison they immediately struck due east across the veldt, their only guidance being a map and a small appendage compass. Near Middelburg they missed Delaney. For the most part they travelled during the night, but occasionally the thick bush in some parts of the country



Mr. Milverton Ford Mr. George Whittington

TWO ESCAPED PRISONERS, AS THEY ARRIVED AT CAPE TOWN
From a Photograph by S. B. Barnard, Cape Town

afforded them sufficient cover to enable them to proceed during the day with comparative safety. Having to wade through swamps and ford rivers, they were compelled to rest in their wet clothes, and this, in the intense cold of the nights in the present season on the high veldt, greatly increased their sufferings. Eventually they struck the Crocodile River, which they followed until, footsore and exhausted, they reached the railway at Waterval Onder. Here they boarded the night goods train bound for Delagoa Bay, and under the tarpaulin sought shelter among the bales of wool. When they arrived at Komati Poort, the truck was searched by two Kaffirs, under the direction of a railway official, but, fortunately, they escaped discovery, and soon they found themselves in "neutral territory," when the train crossed the border. They arrived safely at Delagoa Bay in the afternoon, and their tattered clothing, shaggy hair, and bruised feet told the tale of suffering which these two members of our Colonial troops had undergone.

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THE CITY'S PRESENT TO THE SHAH

Some Volumes of Verse

To admire FitzGerald's version of the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam is merely to do one's duty by an admitted masterpiece. To imitate it is not so praiseworthy. Mr. W. H. Mallock, however, has thought otherwise, and in "Lucretius on Life and Death" he has set himself to give us, in a series of FitzGerald quatrains, some of the thoughts of the great Roman philosophic poet. The result, we are bound to say, is extremely depressing. Materialism is difficult to treat effectively in verse. Lucretius himself found it so at times, as his great poem shows. And Mr. Mallock is, probably, a better philosopher than he is poet. The result is that though he often gives us the thought of Lucretius with some skill, we get little or none of his beauty, and many of the quatrains are grotesque in their baldness. Here, for example, are some lines which do not merit the name of verse at all:—

Round, angular, soft, brittle, cold, dry, warm,
Things are their qualities: things are their form—
And these in combination, even as bees,
Not singly but combined make up the swarm:

And when the qualities, like bees on wing,
Having a moment clustered, cease to cling,
As the thing dies without its qualities,
So die the qualities without the thing.

If FitzGerald's rendering of Omar Khayyam had been at all like this it would certainly never have counted its admirers by thousands.

Few people will maintain that Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome" are the highest form of poetry, but in comparison with "Lays of Ancient Greece," by "Endemus," their merit is transcendent. Why people who have no ear for rhythm, no feeling for style, and, worst of all, no sense of humour, should try to write verse is a problem which no critic has ever yet solved. We must be content with noting the distressing fact. The result, in "Endemus's" case, is verse of the following sorry description:—

But Xerxes, stateliest of all who wore
The Imperial purple, was of timid mind,
And from the enterprise he long forbore;
To spacious bounds of Asian realm confined,
He was to proud ambition's lack resigned:
But brave Mardonius uprose and said:
"King, live for ever, thou in Greece shalt find
The Garden of the earth, its valleys spread
With vines and olive groves and flowers engarlanded.

Mr. Charles Whitworth Wynne, who sends us a volume entitled "Ad Astra," possesses the same qualities—or lack of qualities—with the following almost equally distressing result:—

The age of Chivalry can never die
So long as Woman holds to her domain—
She is the loveliest thing beneath the sky,
And wields a power that man can ne'er attain.
Then never let her of her lot complain!
She so can sweeten, in her time and place,
That with her rests the future of the race.

We must find a more powerful singer than Mr. Wynne if we are to drive the bicycling skirt and the New Woman from our midst.

Mr. Robert Morgan, who seems to be also called "Crescentus" (why "Crescentus"?), contributes to our collection a thin volume. The following cheerful lines from it on "Doubt and Faith" are interesting, though perhaps not for the reason which their author would wish:—

The vulture dashes overhead,
The vampire under foot,
The thing of beauty lieth dead
Some ravenous throat to glut.
Each age is drenched with groans and blood—
Yea, in religion's name;
Each nation gulps its crimson flood
Of murder, lust, and shame,

and so on. More happy than Mr. Morgan we have never seen a vulture "dash," and we have never seen a vampire at all. We therefore find it difficult to endorse his very despondent view of the present age, and quite impossible to recommend his verse to even the least critical reader.

Mr. Cuthbertson, though we cannot count him a poet of any great powers, is in a different class from the merely fatuous amateurs of verse. His volume, "By Shore and Wood," shows that he has taste and some metrical dexterity, and if, like most of our minor poets, he has nothing very new to say, and lacks the individual note which distinguishes really good from mediocre work, he writes prettily, and is, in fact, a capable craftsman in verse. The following is a fairly satisfactory rendering of his from the French of Montenaeken:—

Ah! Life is vain,
Love's short-lived day;
Hate's little reign,
And then—good-day.
Swift is life's stream;
Hopes brief and bright:
A little dream,
And then—good-night.

By a curious coincidence there is in Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton's volume, "At the Wind's Will," another version of the same poem. It runs as follows:—

Ah, brief is life,
Love's short, sweet way,
With dreamings rife,
And then—good-day!
And Life is vain—
Hope's vague delight,
Grief's transient pain,
And then—Good-night!

Mr. Cuthbertson's version is, metrically, more satisfactory, but



In the battle of Doornkop, near Johannesburg, fought on May 29, the Gordons bore the brunt of the fighting, losing twenty-two officers and men. Our photograph is by a British officer.

TO THE MEMORY OF GORDON HIGHLANDERS WHO FELL AT DOORNKOP

Mrs. Moulton's lines are closer to the original. Montenaeken's poem may be quoted here in French for the benefit of those who have forgotten it and would like to compare it with the English versions:—

La vie est brève,
Un peu d'amour,
Un peu de rêve,
Et puis—bon jour.

La vie est vaine,
Un peu d'espoir,
Un peu de peine,
Et puis—bon soir.

The impression left on us by reading Mrs. Moulton's volume is that her verse is usually agreeable but seldom distinguished.

The same criticism applies to the "First and Last Poems" of the late Arabella Shore, which her sister has collected for publication. One of the most touching things in the volume is "The Last Poem," in which a poet makes his confession of failure in the face of death. The personal note was strong in all Miss Shore's work, and one seems to discern it especially strongly in this.

Miss Nora Hopper has collected some of her fugitive verse from various periodicals under the title "Songs of the Morning." Like so many women who write verse her poems are more conspicuous for sweetness than for strength or originality of conception. Her work varies greatly in merit and at times is quite poor, but in her spirited moments she has a lift and a swing which carry one along. "The Rowing Song of King Atli," for instance, has plenty of movement:—

Row, row under skies of gray,
Two Kings' daughters I carried away.
They sleep in my byre and they milk my kine,
And the dreams they dream are servants of mine.
Row, row through the threshing waves—
Red cocks crow over three Kings' graves.
Their wives at my will they saw and knew,
Till my mercy spake and my henchmen slew.



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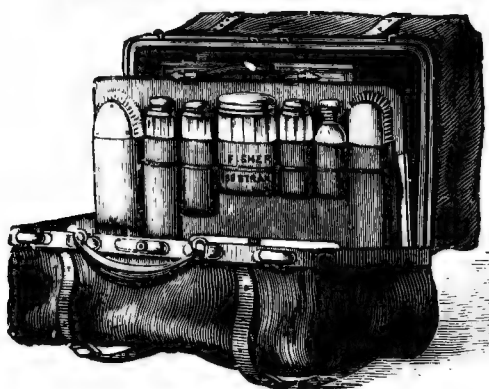
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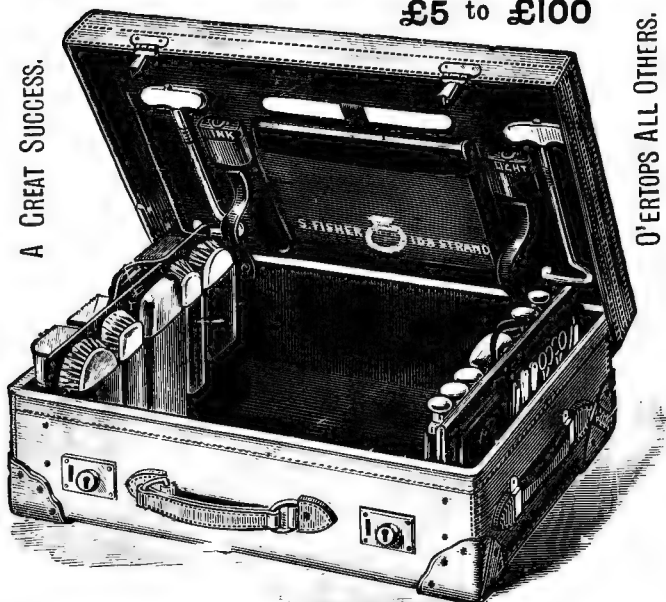
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Unfortunately, the thought in Miss Hopper's poems is seldom of much account, but her workmanship is finished, and that is not too common among writers of minor verse.

Two plays have reached us, a tragedy by Mr. H. A. Wagner, and a comedy by an anonymous writer. Both serve to make us grateful that most of our modern plays are written in prose. Mr. Wagner's "Dream of Orsino" contains the following exquisite passage:—

DUKE. Listen, my own Irene, he, thy husband, Orsino—whom I've clearly shown to be So worthless—must not live (*she starts*), nay, start not, love: Our welfare and your virtue crave the act— And it must be performed full secretly— His cup of wine—which in thy wifely part Thou placest ready for him, must be poisoned By thy fair hands—Promise but this and all Will speed apace.

We have not dared to tamper with the mysteries of the Duke's punctuation, but his meaning is tolerably clear. Irene demurs for a moment at this rather extreme proposal, but soon consents:—

Oh, gentle Lucio— Now that this heart is thine, thy wishes are My fate—there's no resisting them!

The Comedy "Titus and Lysander" is written in equally inferior verse.

Among anthologies and new editions, which we have not space to do more than mention, are a collection of the "Sonnets and Songs of Sir Philip Sidney," edited with a memorial introduction and notes by Philip Sidney, which will be welcome to all lovers of Elizabethan poetry. "A Treasury of Canadian Verse," selected by Dr. Theodore H. Rand, contains much that is pleasant but nothing

of the first order of excellence. "The Dual Land" is a collection of verses of very varying merit on the subject of death and immortality.

"Lucretius on Life and Death." In the Metre of Omar Khayyam. By W. H. Mallock. (A. and C. Black). "Lays of Ancient Greece." By "Endemus." (George Redway). "Ad Astra." By Charles Whitworth Wynne. (Grant Richards). "Poems." By Robert Morgan (Crescentus). (Liverpool: Handley Brothers). "By Shore and Wood." By W. Cuthbertson. (Edinburgh: James Thin). "At the Wind's Will. Lyrics and Sonnets." By Louise Chandler Moulton. (Macmillan). "First and Last Poems." By Arabella Shore. (Grant Richards). "Songs of the Morning." By Nora Hopper. (Grant Richards). "The Dream of Orsino. A Tragedy." By H. A. Wagner. (Hodder Brothers). "Titus and Lysander." A Comedy in Five Acts. (Elliott Stock). "Sonnets and Songs of Sir Philip Sidney." Edited, with a Memorial Introduction and Notes, by Philip Sidney, F.R. Hist. S. (Burleigh). "A Treasury of Canadian Verse." With Brief Biographical Notes, Selected and Edited by Theodore H. Rand, D.C.L. (Dent). "The Dual Land." A Collection of Verses from Many Sources. (Elliot Stock).



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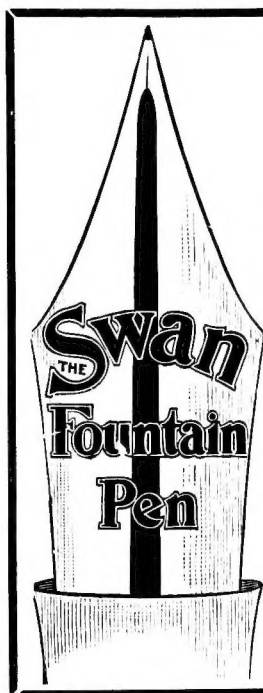
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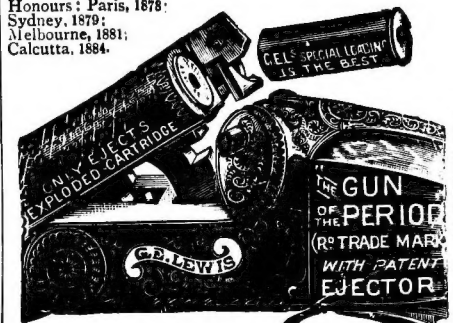
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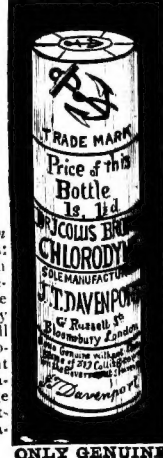
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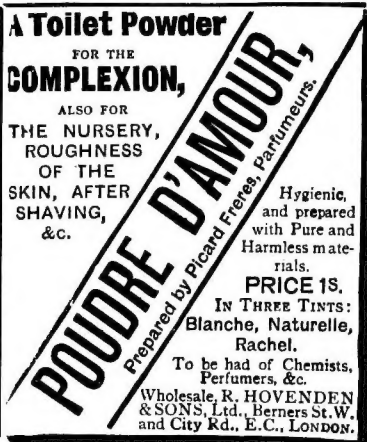
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